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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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JEWELS AMONG SWINE.

"The police authorities, that do not enforce the laws against the liquor traffic, that do not suppress gambling or houses of ill repute......distinguished themselves on Saturday by arresting forty-three women, who went on the streets to sing and pray, and marching them to the station-house."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

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THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE object of the Civil Rights Bill is not to favor a class. It is to maintain the equality of all citizens before the law. It is to wipe out color from American citizenship. "There is but one idea in the bill," said Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN in reporting it, "and that is the equality of races before the law." "Its theory is," wrote Mr. SUMNER to a friend at the end of December, 1871, "that in all institutions, functions, and privileges created or regulated by law there shall be no discrimination on account of color." It is in no sense, therefore, a special favor to the negro, and it is monstrous to assert that to secure simple equality before the law to any citizen is a favor to him. It is the mere protection of a right, and to refuse it is the plainest injustice. This bill is a simple declaration of the equality of the citizens of the United States. Nor can we think that its passage in the Senate was due to any sentimental regard for the memory of Mr. SUMNER. Many of the gentlemen who supported it were in no sense especial friends of Mr. SUMNER, and scrutinized every proposition of his with a predisposition of disapproval. But they very properly felt that it is a simple duty to secure absolute equality under the law, and that is all that they have done by the passage of the bill. Discrimination by law against a class is a denial of equal rights. That discrimination exists, and this bill provides a remedy. It is "supplementary" to the act of April 9, 1866, which President JOHNSON vetoed, and which was passed by the House over the veto by a vote of one hundred and twenty-two to forty-one. If there are insuperable objections to this bill, they are conclusive against the policy which, having emancipated the slaves, then gave them equal civil and political rights. It may be wise to agitate for a change of that policy, but it is certainly the height of inconsequent folly to insist that, under a fundamental constitutional guarantee of equality, inequality shall be authorized by law.

The chief objection that we have seen upon the Republican side is that the bill will injure the negro by forcing mixed schools, which will end in the ruin of the system of education. But it no more forces mixed schools than a prohibition of separate schools for children of different nationalities by birth, or race, or religious faith would force them. It says very distinctly and very righteously that no class of citizens of the United States shall be stigmatized by legal compulsion to separate schools or exclusion from public conveniences authorized by law. The argument that it is false friendship for the negro, because it virtually condemns him to ignorance, is not only not sound, but it is a part of the old assertion that it was unkind to emancipate him, because he could not take care of himself. "It is a good thing," say some of the more moderate opponents, "but it is not good *now*. Why undertake it in the face of so great a prejudice?" But upon what conceivable ground is it urged that the laws of the United States should recognize a prejudice against any citizen or any number of citizens? And how soon do these objectors think that a prejudice will disappear which is fortified, positively or negatively, by law?

The speediest way to remove the prejudice against the colored race in this country—for that is at the bottom of most of the arguments against this bill—is to make the laws equal, and trust to time and humanity for the rest. It is very much wiser to take the risk of closing some of the schools now than of nourishing a prejudice of this kind indefinitely; and those who insist that the matter should be dealt with practically and not sentimentally are the very persons who should remember that the practical fact is that in several States of the Union half of the population is colored, and that peace and harmony are impossible without equal laws. As for the party view, which is much urged in some quarters, the chief fact is that the Republican party, by the various amendments upon the subject which it has introduced into the Constitution, meant to make the colored population perfectly equal citizens under the law. It may have been a sentimental mistake, but that was the purpose; and until the party has taken care that this shall be done, it has not achieved its purpose. This bill completes the work. It forces nobody to marry his cook, or to dine with distasteful company; but it forbids innholders and managers of theatres to treat as lepers those who under the law have precisely the same rights that they have themselves.

The Democratic opposition to it is of the old kind. It is, in the first place, the familiar argument, "Do you wish your daughter to marry a negro?" which was the perfection of the old Democratic ante-war logic upon the slavery question; and, in the second place, the allegation of the unconstitutionality of all such laws, and their annihilation of State rights. There can, however, be no question that under the amended Constitution legal equality is a right of United States citizenship, and that Congress has the right to enforce it by appropriate legislation. It is lamentable to reflect that for a whole generation, during which the paramount question in our politics was that of human slavery, not only were the sympathy and policy of the Democratic party against the unfortunate slaves, but its constitutional argument was a monotonous effort to perplex every movement for their relief. Democratic sympathy sustained slavery and the rebellion, and has steadily opposed every attempt to establish absolute equality before the law among citizens. We trust that the House will promptly concur with the Senate; and if the Republicans lose power in consequence, the Democratic party can repeal the law if it chooses.

The remedy for the unhappy situation in some of the Southern States is not a policy of jealousy and petulance toward the new citizens. We repeat that the only manly, honorable, humane course is to do one of two things—either to withdraw equality of citizenship or to protect it. When we have resolved upon the latter course, let us surround the wise exercise of that citizenship with as many guarantees as may be necessary. If those guarantees consist in an educated suffrage, in a tax-paying representation, or in whatsoever it may be, there is no doubt that they will have a powerful support. But to allow a prejudice to be recognized by law does nothing but prolong and imbitter it.

MERCHANDISE IN THE MAILS.

WE have several times alluded to the mails as carriers of merchandise, and Mr. DAWES, in his speech upon retrenchment, and Mr. D. A. WELLS, in his pamphlet upon the relation of the government to railroads, have both spoken of the same fact. The press has widely commented upon the subject, and railroad companies have complained so loudly that Mr. GEORGE S. BANGS, the efficient general superintendent of the railway mail service, has made a careful examination of the matter, and with very curious and interesting results. There are three classes of mail matter; the first comprises, in general, letters and all written papers, and any thing intended to conceal what is properly classed under that head; the second class includes newspapers, magazines, and periodicals, exclusively in print and regularly issued to regular subscribers; and the third class consists of all other matter sent by mail. The complaint has been that too much merchandise, and printed matter which is equivalent to freight, are carried by the mails; that the railroad companies are not paid for transporting such freight; that the department charges such low rates that the express companies can not compete; *and* that its charges are extortionate.

Mr. BANGS has prepared tables showing the results of investigation at seven of the largest post-offices in the United States for a period of thirty days. From these it appears that the total matter of the first class is *nine and eleven-hundredths per cent.* of the whole; the total of the second class, that is, the printed matter regularly issued, etc., is *seventy-six and ninety-eight-hundredths;* and the total of the third class, that is, pamphlets, transient newspapers, magazines, books, maps, patterns, samples of merchandise not more than twelve ounces in weight, seeds, roots, cuttings, bulbs, etc., etc., constitutes thirteen and ninety-one-hundredths per cent. of the whole. For the entire period of observation the bound books make only one and one-tenth per cent. of the whole; and samples of merchandise, etc., only ninety-six one-hundredths of one per cent. Again the tables show that in every one hundred pounds of mail matter there are about one pound of bound books, *one pound of merchandise, seeds, bulbs,* etc.; fourteen pounds of transient newspapers, circulars, etc.; seventy-seven pounds of regular periodicals to regular subscribers, and nine pounds of letters, or of matter under letter postage.

Mr. BANGS states the reasons that while small articles of merchandise are admitted in the mails they make so small a proportion of the bulk to be these: the high rates charged, without any responsibility for loss or damage; the liability to damage in transit, as such mail matter is thrown indiscriminately with the heavy packages; and its liability to examination to see if letter postage is evaded, for which reason such merchandise must be packed insecurely. Consequently the mails are used for such merchandise only when it is of small size and value, when there are no railroad or express facilities, and when time is important. And this class of matter could not be entirely excluded from the mails without depriving thousands of people who live far from such conveniences of the opportunity of getting a book or package of seed, except at very great expense of time and money. It was for such reasons that they were admitted to the mails. The railroad companies wish that periodicals should be excluded from the mails, but as the principal object of the Post-office is the dissemination and interchange of intelligence, nothing is more strictly within that purpose than the carriage of papers, magazines, books, and similar matter.

The railroad companies also complain that they are not paid for transportation as they would be by the express companies. And here the facts are curious. The roads carry the mails by weight, and they charge the express companies double the rates charged for first-class freight upon the mail trains. Yet while upon the great Southern and Western lines the average of the double first-class charge per ton per mile is about ten and one-fifth cents, which is the rate paid by the express companies, the Post-office pays per ton per mile upon the same roads an average rate of fifteen cents. Mr. BANGS may well ask if it would not be profitable to the railroads if a much larger amount of merchandise were conveyed in the mails. As for the competition with express companies, the postage rates on books and samples are sixteen cents per pound, and on other matter of the third class eight cents per pound. These rates are for a hundred or a thousand miles, and the same on two ounces or a pound. The express companies charge from fifty to eighty cents per hundred pounds for every hundred miles carried, but will carry no package for any distance for less than twenty-five cents.

These are valuable and interesting facts, and they show that the expenses of the Post-office Department are not, as is often alleged, fanciful and extravagant. That department, like the War and the Navy departments, is maintained, and should be maintained, for the common welfare, and not as a source of revenue. Abuses and extravagances there may be, and when disclosed they should be corrected. But it is a fatal mistake to allow any proper wish for economy and retrenchment seriously to disturb an institution which is of such incalculable benefit to the great mass of the people.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE House of Representatives has passed a very brief and significant bill, prohibiting any person who can not read or write from sitting upon a jury in any United States court. In this State Governor DIX has signed the Compulsory Education Bill. New Jersey has passed a similar law, and in several States like bills passed one House during the last winter. And Senator STEWART, of Nevada, has proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States in these words:

> "ARTICLE 16. If any State shall fail to maintain a common-school system, under which all persons between the ages of five and eighteen years, not incapacitated for the same, shall receive, free of charge, such elementary education as Congress may prescribe, the Congress shall have power to establish therein such a system, and cause the same to be maintained at the expense of such State."

These events are all signs that a truth which has been hitherto treated as rhetorical and ceremonial is coming to be regarded as very vital to the existence of freedom and good government in this country. The Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, of Boston, a singularly candid and judicious man, has lately spent some time in the Southern States, and he said to his congregation upon his return: "There are now about twenty white men in the South Carolina Legislature. The remainder are colored men, most of whom can not read or write. I saw one colored man, who is now a candidate for the next Legislature, who not only can not read and write, but who maintains it as a proposition that no one who can write ought to be allowed in the Legislature. This man is also trustee and superintendent of schools in a certain district of the State."

This is no reason for refusing to sustain the Civil Rights Bill, but it is the best reason in the world for considering ignorance in its relations to government. Let us not, however, suppose ignorance to be confined to South Carolina. We have known a justice not a hundred miles from New York who was elected by the vote of a great party, and who could with difficulty write his name. But all generalization upon such data is very rash. There are plenty of colored men in South Carolina and elsewhere who see and deplore the consequences of ignorance, and who are quite ready to unite in any effort to remove and obviate them. Mr. CLARKE gladly testifies that there are large numbers of such men, thrifty, industrious, decorous, and honest; as, for instance, on the island of St. Helena, where there are six thousand black men, and among them not a single pauper or beggar; and he believes, what will be heartily wished by every intelligent man, that within five or six years the sensible, good people of both races will be working harmoniously together.

But for the future of the country every where nothing is more indispensable than the requirement of education. If it could be made a condition of the electoral franchise, so much the better; and we know colored citizens even in South Carolina who are of that opinion. However, one thing is practicable, and that is for every State to adopt substantially the system that is to be tried in New York after the 1st of next January, and for every citizen to reflect whether an amendment of the general scope of that proposed by Senator STEWART is not desirable. The menacing evil of the country being corruption in various forms, the practical methods of withstanding it are a reform of the civil service, which, under the old system, furnishes the machinery and means of corruption, and education, which gives every body the chance, at least, of knowing what he is doing. Laws like the new one of New York are in operation in Michigan and New Hampshire, in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The principle is well known in many European countries, and the statistics of the condition of those countries are most encouraging. We shall recur to the details of the New York law, which, if it is honestly enforced, and modified as experience may wisely suggest, can not fail to be of the greatest service.

THE UNION AND THE DOMINION.

THE New York Produce Exchange and the Boston and Oswego Boards of Trade have powerfully urged the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and with arguments that it is hard to answer. We are apt to fancy that the rigors of our climate make the Yankees an enterprising race. But the sharper rigors of Canada make our northern neighbors not less so. When, in 1864, stung by the St. Albans raid and by Canadian sympathy with the rebellion, we abrogated the treaty, we forced the Canadians to seek a trade elsewhere. They sought it and have found it—and we have not yet replaced the loss that we inflicted upon ourselves. Here is an enormous country, the Dominion of Canada, as large in area as the United States, our immediate neighbor, of the same language and civilization, with five thousand miles of common border, full of what we want, and ready to consume what we can supply. All that is wanted is to make trade between us mutually profitable, not to pursue the chimera of the balance of trade, for, as Mr. ATKINSON well said in the Boston Board of Trade, there can be no permanent trade unless both sides gain. No treaties or tariffs will compel a trade which is not mutually profitable. That it was so between Canada and the United States under the old treaty nobody denies. But the figures since the abrogation of the treaty will not satisfy the most ardent friend of the balance of trade, for they will seem to him to be all on the wrong side. From 1854 to 1863, during the treaty, the Provinces bought of us $255,000,000 worth, while we bought of them $193,000,000 worth; but since the treaty expired we have bought $250,000,000 worth, and sold but $200,000,000 worth; and we have not only forced them to seek new and remote markets, but to unite themselves in a confederation, establish manufactures, and compete with us instead of buying of us.

The Dominion is covered with boundless forests, and it contains the finest iron and copper, needing only easy contact with our coal-fields to issue in immense common benefit. The best grazing country is also there, and it appears that while we once supplied Canada with cheese, she now supplies herself, and sends to England an eighth part of our own exports to that country. It is a question also, as Mr. ATKINSON says, whether Canada is not to be the future granary of wheat even for this country, for as the prairie lands become exhausted for wheat, like

parts of New York, the soil that has grown forest trees, as in Canada, will be found to replace them permanently. The Canadians say that while under the treaty their trade with the United States was fifty-two per cent. of the whole, it is now, although it has greatly increased, only thirty-five per cent.; and a careful article in the *Tribune* says that we are gradually importing at greatly enhanced prices, and notwithstanding the duties that we impose, more and more of the articles that we received free of duty under the treaty. Thus we bought under the treaty an average of $3,000,000 value of lumber every year; we now buy an annual average of more than $8,000,000, and the cash price of lumber at Toronto is double that of ten years ago, and its price in Portland is double that at Toronto.

The reopening of a trade under conditions by which we each so largely profited is the demand of common interest as it is of common-sense. Had we been one country, each part would have helped the other. But because we are not one country, shall we refuse the benefits which we can so readily secure? As for the policy of maintaining the present system to compel Canada to ask for annexation, it is merely contemptible. There was no disposition for annexation under the treaty, and there certainly will be none under a hostile policy. Moreover, we do not wish annexation. We are quite large enough until we are in somewhat better order. Meanwhile we hope that the Government will hear so decided a voice upon the subject of the treaty as to go forward promptly in the negotiation.

SANBORN AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE House of Representatives of the United States has adopted without a division the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, declaring that the Secretary of the Treasury, the Assistant Secretary, and the Solicitor of the Department "deserve severe condemnation for the manner in which they have permitted this law" (that of the SANBORN contracts) "to be administered." That vote ratifies the opinion of the country. No charge of corruption is made against the Secretary; nothing but that of culpable carelessness and inefficiency. The press of both parties calls upon him to resign. His reluctance is natural, for no man wishes to disappear from public life under such a stigma; and the Secretary may be sure that although the necessity of his resignation is imperative, he will withdraw with the sympathy of many who regret sincerely the position in which he is placed. Should he, however, persist in remaining, in the hope that the storm will abate, he will find that the demand of public opinion will become still more stringent, and the President can not disregard it. The President could not fail to see that it would be a very serious offense to retain at the head of the Treasury, at such a time as this, a man who had been universally condemned by the country and formally censured by the House. And every day's delay is a misfortune.

The repeal of the law authorizing the contracts is another of the good works which this House has initiated. It began with the repeal of the "salary grab," and has been investigating and reforming ever since. It has dealt with the moieties also, and will soon be confronted with the affairs of the District of Columbia. There can be no doubt that it will do equal justice in that matter also, and every fair observer will agree that the House is deserving well of the country. The testimony in the District investigation is most copious, but we hope that the report will be able to present the results in a compact and forcible manner, that the country may readily apprehend the main points. There is a very general impression that there has been immense rascality in the management of affairs under the new government, and it was startling to every man who looks for honesty of administration that the President nominated as Governor one of the persons most deeply implicated in public suspicion in the malpractices of the District. He has now peremptorily removed the engineer whose testimony was most fatal to the managers of the District, and whom they especially disliked. If the testimony taken after that of Mr. CLUSS, the engineer, should show that he was substantially correct, and the committee should sustain that view, the President will be left in an unhappy predicament. If he "sticks" so close to Mr. RICHARDSON "under fire" of public opinion, why does he desert Mr. CLUSS under fire of the District Ring?

Interest in political affairs is now almost entirely confined to the question of honest administration; and the President does himself and all honest men a serious ill service when his action seems to favor knaves. There is undoubtedly a great deal of "clamor," and the opposition of every shade hostile to the Administration distorts and misrepresents, as is the fashion of political controversy. But the duty of the President is plain. It is to show that he understands the time and its demands, and to take care that all his acts proclaim his entire independence of evil counsels. But neither the nomination of Mr. SHEPHERD, nor the removal of Mr. CLUSS, nor the retention of the Secretary and his assistants, whom the House declares "deserve severe condemnation," are of that kind. The intelligence and conscience of the country prefer to act with the Republican party, and certainly a Republican President ought to make it easy for them to do so.

A JOKE IN THE SENATE.

IF Uncle Sam does not mean to take any responsibility, directly or indirectly, for the International Exposition, why does he ask the governments of other nations to be represented at it? The resolution passed by the Senate is absurd. Such an invitation comes very near an insult. Those who invite guests make preparation for them, and are bound to make preparation. Suppose that the "cordial invitation" goes to the "foreign government" of Germany, and that Germany accepts and sends the Crown Prince to show the great friendship of Germany for the United States, and in the mean time the management of the Exhibition decides that the international part is impracticable, what is the government to do which has invited the Prince to an international exhibition "under its auspices," but for which it does not mean "to be liable either directly or indirectly?" Nothing is clearer than that the government should assume the Exhibition or have nothing whatever to do with it. If the fair should go on and be a ludicrous failure, and foreign exhibitors suffer, they would justly ask, and their governments would justly ask, what did the government of the United States mean by inviting people to an exhibition under its auspices?

It is a suspicious resolution that has passed the Senate, and the House, we hope, will force it to explain itself. If the fair is the affair of the State of Pennsylvania or of the people of all the States, the government should no more invite foreigners in its own name than it should invite them to the fair of the American Institute in New York. It is impossible that the invitation should be understood without an explanation that makes it comical; and therefore, as its most earnest supporters are not comedians, the resolution must be presumed to be a point of departure for a future claim upon the Treasury. The opinion of the country and of the House has been so plainly expressed, and the action of the Senate is so amusing, that the sincere friends of the International Exposition should unite to declare that what they asked and thought that they had a right to expect was aid from the government, and that if they can not have that, they respectfully decline its "auspices." We have been told that one of the arguments for the subsidy was that foreign invitations had been already issued. If this be so, the present resolution is superfluous as well as ludicrous, unless it is meant as an instruction to the Secretary of State to send a postscript to the effect that all baggage is at the risk of the owner. We repeat that the only dignified course for the government is to be really the host or to stand entirely aloof.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THE Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in this city last October, was one of the largest and most important gatherings of that body since its organization in 1846. It has been justly said that it marked an era in the history of Evangelical Christianity. The official record of its proceedings, comprising essays and addresses by many of the ablest thinkers and profoundest scholars of the age, must have a deep and permanent interest for the whole Christian world. The preparation of this record was intrusted to the general secretary of the Conference, the Rev. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., and to the honorary and acting corresponding secretary of the United States Alliance, the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. It could not have been confided to abler hands. To the former was committed the charge of the general arrangement and typographical character of the volume, the preface, historical sketch of the Conference, and the general index; to the latter the charge of the essays and orations, their classification and arrangement; and the result of their joint labors is a large octavo volume of nearly eight hundred pages, comprising a full history of the proceedings of the Conference from the time of its assembling to its close, and all the essays and orations which instructed and delighted the vast audiences gathered at its meetings. These utterances, from men eminent for learning, ability, and worth, and holding high rank in theology, philosophy, science, and literature, touch upon almost every important question in the discussion of which the Christian world of to-day is interested. They were listened to, for ten consecutive days, by thousands of sympathizing hearers, and in their present form will not only be eagerly sought by those who attended the meetings, but will reach thousands in this country and Europe who could not enjoy that privilege, and will remain a permanent record of an event whose influence upon religious thought and moral development will be felt for many years to come. The typographical appearance of the volume, which issues from the press of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, leaves nothing to be desired. It is a work which every one should possess who desires to be well informed on the progress of Christian thought throughout the world. To clergymen, especially to such as are remote from large libraries, it will be of incalculable value, and a church could do its pastor no more acceptable service than by enriching his library with this invaluable compendium of Christian thought.

Those who are acquainted with Dr. FARRAR's sermons, published by Messrs. E. P. DUTTON & Co. under the title of *The Silence and the Voices of God*, will welcome a new work from his pen, *The Life of Christ*, just issued by the same house. The unlearned reader will prize it for the clearness and simplicity of the narrative, while the learning and the patient, intelligent spirit of research displayed in the notes will commend it to the favor of scholars. It is avowedly written from the stand-point of a believer, and while it avoids a controversial tone, its tendency is to counteract the influence of authors like RENAN and STRAUSS.

The third volume of *The Annual Record of Science and Industry*, edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, and published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, compresses within the compass of about 700 12mo pages the principal discoveries of theoretical and applied science made during 1873. It opens with a clearly written historical summary of progress for the past year in the different departments, giving a connected view of the whole subject, while in the body of the work will be found arranged, under the proper divisions, condensed articles touching upon almost every incident of scientific interest which has occurred during that time. The work is one of great value not only to professional men, but to all who are interested in watching the progress of science throughout the world.

Although critical opinion is divided on the claims of "George Eliot" to rank among the great poets of the age, the public is always ready to extend a cordial welcome to a new volume of poems from her pen. In *The Legend of Jubal and other Poems*, just published by Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co., there is little that has not already been published in various periodicals, but the admirers of the author of *The Spanish Gypsy* will be glad to possess her later poems in this attractive form.

The thirteenth yearly edition of HARPER'S *Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East*, prepared by W. P. FETRIDGE, has just been issued, enlarged and improved by the addition of new matter, plans of cities, and maps. It is by far the most complete as well as the most convenient guide-book the traveler can select, giving within the compass of a single volume all the information respecting routes, objects of interest in the principal cities and along the way, which MURRAY scatters through twenty-five or thirty volumes. Here the traveler will find a clear outline or skeleton tour through the principal cities and leading places of interest in Europe and the East, with the modes and cost of traveling, the different routes by land and water, and which lines are to be preferred, the precautions to be taken to insure comfort and security, the names and charges of the principal hotels, the best houses of which to make purchases, and every kind of information, in short, which will enable him to derive the greatest amount of pleasure and comfort from his journey, with an exemption from many of the petty annoyances to which ill-informed stangers are so frequently subjected abroad. For the convenience of those who wish to visit only certain portions of Europe, an edition of the *Hand-Book* has been prepared in three separate parts, forming three very handy volumes. The first comprises Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland; the second, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Greece; the third, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. With this guide-book, and a copy of *Harper's Phrase-Book*, prepared by the same author, any intelligent man may travel over the whole of Europe without the assistance of a courier.

Miss MULOCK's new book, *My Mother and I*, just published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is a beautiful though sad domestic story. The heroine, Elma Picardy, is one of the sweetest and most lovable characters in the whole range of Miss MULOCK's novels, and the picture of the tender companionship between her and her widowed mother is drawn with exquisite pathos. The sadness of the story is love never avowed until too late. Elma's cousin Conrad loves her with a strong and reverent passion, but, being much the older, refrains from asking her hand in marriage, not knowing that she loves him in return. He goes out to India, and Elma never sees him again, but she never marries. One can not help feeling vexed with Conrad for his fatal lack of intuition, though we owe to it one of the most touching delineations of a woman's heart to be found in modern literature.

Those who wish to know precisely what is meant by the theory of Evolution, and the grounds on which it is assailed and defended, should read Professor WINCHELL's admirable and lucid treatise, entitled *The Doctrine of Evolution: its Data, its Principles, its Speculations, and its Theistic Bearings*, published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. As the author states in his preface, it was not his aim either to defend or attack the doctrine, under any of its forms, but to exhibit to the inquirer its strongest defenses and its weakest points. This has been done with the utmost candor and impartiality, and the professor's treatise will contribute much toward a clearer understanding of a subject which has given rise to a great deal of sharp controversy in scientific and religious circles.

The poems of Miss HUDSON, published by Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co., display great facility and sweetness in versification, as well as delicate fancy and tender feeling. Many of them have already appeared in the leading periodicals. Readers of *Harper's Magazine* will recall with pleasure "The Golden Wedding" and "The Newsboy's Debt," originally published in its pages. Without the deep, strong passion and pathos that characterize the poems of "Howard Glyndon," published by the same house under the title of *Sounds from Secret Chambers*, Miss HUDSON's little volume will please a large audience.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE compromise Currency Bill was brought up in the House on the 25th ult., as was anticipated, and was promptly antagonized by Mr. Beck's bill to pay one-third of the customs duties in legal tenders and national bank notes. The latter failed, however, to secure the previous question, and although the Currency Bill received a smaller majority than was expected, it also failed to secure the required two-thirds to suspend the rules to bring it before the House, the vote being 130 to 110.—On the 28th Mr. Maynard, from the House Committee on Banking and Currency, reported back a substitute for the Senate amendments to the Currency Bill. He demanded the previous question, which was seconded by 95 to 78, and the main question was ordered. The first vote was on adopting the substitute reported from the Committee on Banking and Currency: yeas, 111; nays, 118. There was much excitement as the progress of the vote showed how close it was. When the roll-call was concluded the vote stood 104 to 118, but a great many changes were made, and at last the result was announced as above. The vote was then taken on concurring in the Senate substitute, which was rejected: yeas, 70; nays, 164. Mr. Maynard then moved a committee of conference on the disagreeing votes, and it was ordered: yeas, 122; nays, 82. The Speaker appointed as the House conferrees Messrs. Maynard, Farwell, and Clymer. On the 29th the Senate appointed a like committee.—Mr. Sherman, from the Senate Committee on Finance, reported favorably on the House bill amendatory of the act to reduce duties on imports and to reduce internal taxation.—The Civil Rights Bill came up in the House on the 25th ult., under motion of Mr. Butler to suspend the rules, and refer the Senate bill to the Judiciary Committee, with leave to report at any time. The motion was lost: yeas, 153; nays, 84—not two-thirds.—The report of the Sanborn investigation committee was warmly discussed in the House on the 27th, and the bill repealing the law under which the contracts were made was passed without division or objection.—On the 25th Senator Stewart, of Nevada, introduced a joint resolution proposing the following as an amendment to the Constitution: "ARTICLE 16. If any State shall fail to maintain a common-school system, under which all persons between the ages of five and eighteen years, not incapacitated for the same, shall receive, free of charge, such elementary education as Congress may prescribe, the Congress shall have power to establish therein such a system, and cause the same to be maintained at the expense of such State." Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.—Senator Sargent's bill to prevent "hazing" at the Naval Academy was passed on the 27th.—The House, on the 27th, voted to appoint a select committee of five to inquire into the disturbed condition of governmental affairs in Arkansas, and to ascertain the facts relating thereto, whether that State has now a government republican in form, the officers of which are duly elected, and which, as now organized, ought to be recognized by the government of the United States, with power for the committee to send for persons and papers, or to proceed to Arkansas, and to report at any time. Mr. Eldridge desired to offer an amendment to include South Carolina, but Mr. Poland refused to yield for that purpose, and moved the previous question, which was seconded. The resolution was adopted: yeas, 129; nays, 84—nearly a party vote.—The funeral services of the late Mr. Mellish took place in the House on the 26th. The ceremonies were conducted by the chaplains of the two Houses, assisted by Rev. Dr. Rankin. Both Houses adjourned and attended in a body.—The House, on the 27th, passed a bill removing the political disabilities of Raphael Semmes, of Alabama.—The bill to gradually reduce the army passed the House on the 29th.

The President has issued a proclamation declaring the fisheries treaty with Great Britain and Canada to be in full force.

The steamer *Idaho*, of the Williams and Guion line, went ashore in a heavy fog on Fire Island beach early on the morning of the 25th ult. There were 400 steerage and twenty-five cabin passengers, all of whom escaped. The vessel was only slightly damaged.

Professor Joseph D. Haven, of Chicago, died on the 23d ult. Rear-Admiral W. B. Shubrick died in Washington, D.C., on the 27th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British government has intimated to the Spaniards that there should be no further delay in settling the *Virginius* matter.

The steam-ship *Trojan* is now given up as lost, having been over sixty days out from Glasgow.

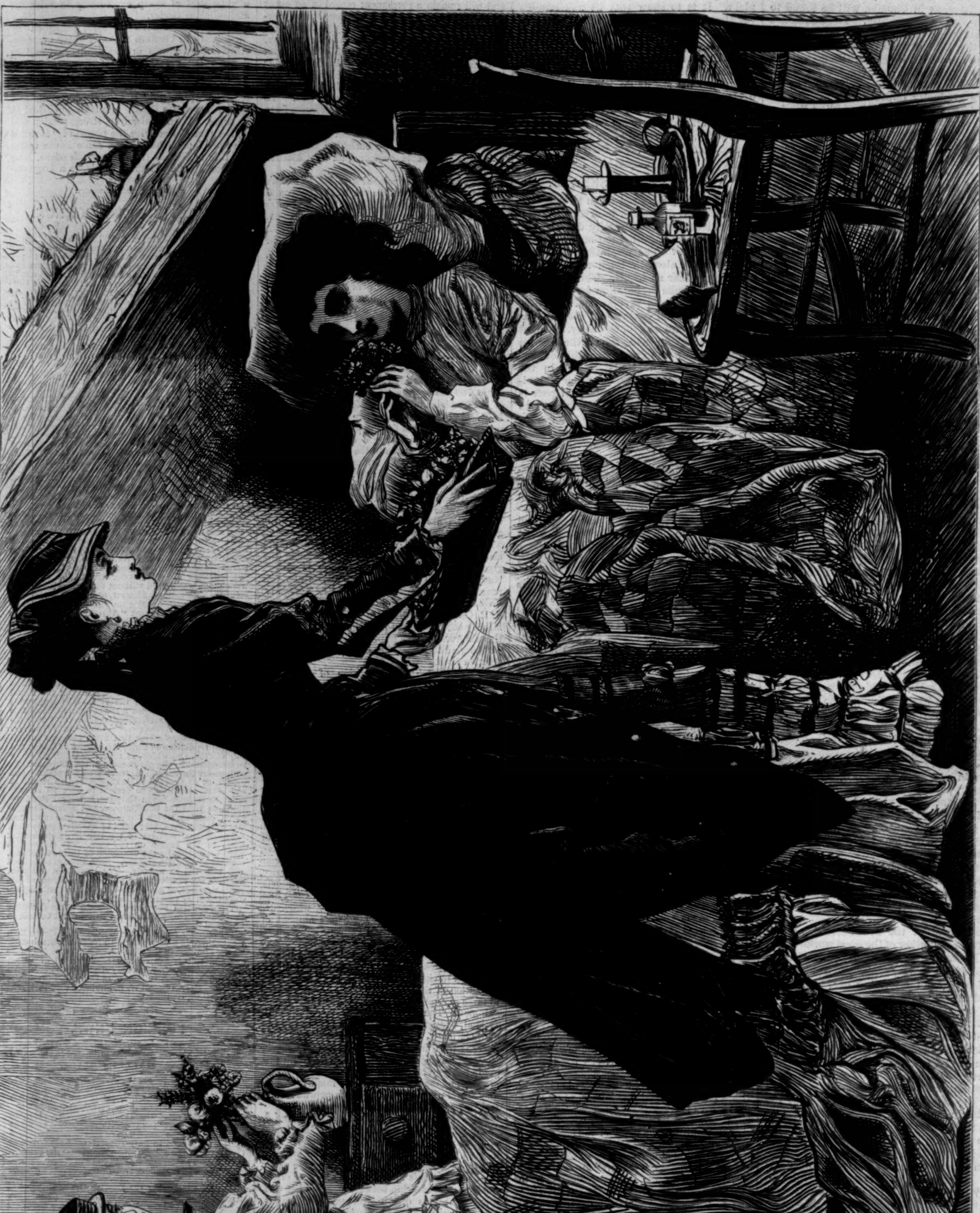
The Indian famine is increasing. Nearly 3,000,000 people are dependent on the government for food.

The Spanish revolution is still in progress. It is reported that General Concha with 25,000 men attacked the Carlists on the 24th ult., and was repulsed at every point. He is said to have concentrated his forces at Vitoria, with the view of immediately laying siege to the town. The Carlists are said to have received twenty Krupp steel cannon, and are reorganizing their forces.

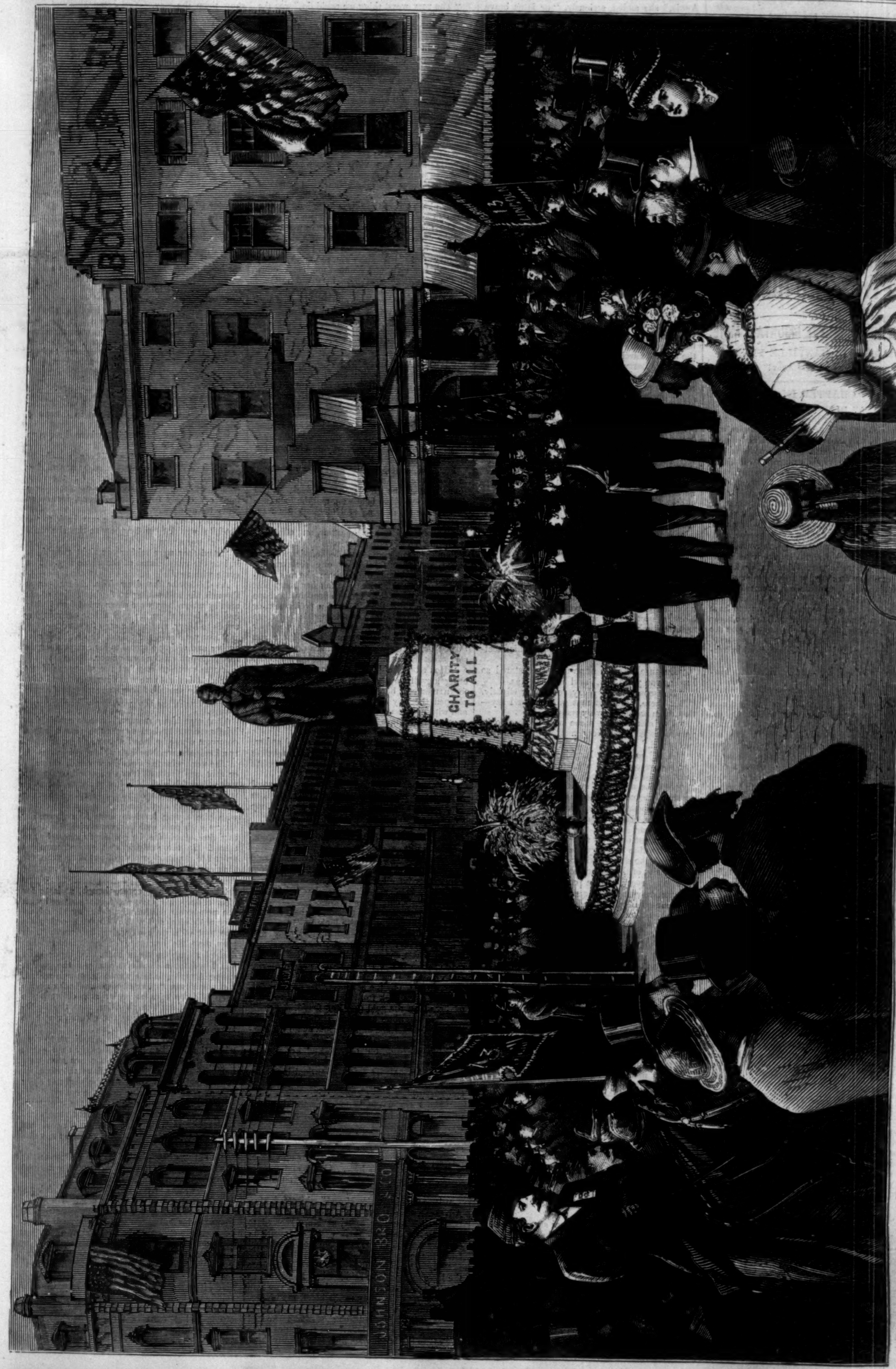
It now appears that the Russian Grand Duke Constantine's son Nicholas gave the diamonds belonging to his mother to Miss Fenix (or Phœnix), a beautiful American. The circumstances of the theft, together with the fact that he had deposited large sums of money with his bankers, to make provision, as he says, against the necessities of old age, lead to the belief that he is insane.

It is stated that at the next election in France the Bonapartists will considerably extend their operations. They intend to advance the candidature of the Duke of Padoue for the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, the Duc de Mouchy for the Department of Oise, and Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Massena for the Department of Alpes Maritimes. They will also contest the election for Maine-et-Loire and Calvados.

During the recent debate in the Austrian Reichsrath on the Landwehr, the Minister of National Defense gave some interesting information relative to the Austrian army as compared with other European armies. In Germany the strength of the army depends on the numbers of the population, being fixed at one per cent. The population of Germany being 41,000,000, the army establishment (exclusive of officers and military departments), is 401,659. The cost is 225 thalers per head, or 90,373,225 thalers in all; besides which 19,000,000 thalers are demanded for extra expenses. In France, if the military force were also based on a like percentage, it would amount to 385,000 men, which at 225 thalers a head would be 325,000,000 francs. The actual force, however, is 460,186, and costs 528,509,225 francs. In Austro-Hungary the army would, on the German system, consist of 354,000 men, at a cost of 119,475,000 florins; whereas the actual force is only 261,286, costing 96,366,602 florins.



THE FLOWER MISSION.—Drawn by Alfred Fredericks.—[See Poem, Page 494.]



DECORATION-DAY—SERVICES AROUND THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE PAGE 492.]

THE FLOWER MISSION.

[See Illustration on Page 492.]

Into the homes of sorrow and distress
The rare, sweet flowers go to bud and bloom,
And with their own bright life make glad a while
The lives that wither in perpetual gloom.
Poor hearts that long have starved for word of love,
Dim eyes that ne'er behold a beauteous thing,
And tired hands that stretch themselves in vain
For joys that ever from their grasp take wing:

To these the flowers on their mission go,
And breathe a fragrance fraught with new, sweet life,
And cause an atmosphere of joy and peace
To enter e'en 'mid scenes of pain and strife.
Sweet buds of beauty! how they seem to say,
"Cheer up! cheer up! there are kind hearts and true,
And though your paths seem overgrown with thorns,
Yet there are flowers still which bloom for you!"

A thousand blessings on the kindly hands
Which pluck the fragrant flowers for the poor!
A thousand blessings on the kindly feet
Which falter not, but go from door to door,
And leave with tender, loving charity
The sweet joy-breathing gifts of love divine.
Who knows what endless flowers of grace and truth
The Flower Mission may hereafter twine?

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER III.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Such a change from life at the old farm in an English county, where all was regularity and quiet peace, to this in a San Francisco hotel, new of the newest, with French customs and English language, and such an influx of migratory beings that the place was a scene of hurry and confusion from morning till night, and our English arrivals had hard matter to hold their own. They had, however, secured one room, so as to insure some privacy, and it was in this place that Frank Adams's wife and sister were seated looking out at the busy street scene.

"It does seem a long way to have come," said Mary, tossing back her thick brown hair, and looking, with her sun-tanned face and dark eyes, such a model as an artist would have chosen for his painting of Juno, while her companion, her brother's wife, looked slight, pale, and care-worn by her side—"it does seem a long way to have come. But never mind; Frank will make a home for us somewhere, and— Why, Annie, you are crying!"

"It's nothing," said Mrs. Adams, "only weakness. I've no business to cry; and I dare not when Frank is here, for fear of making him low-spirited and—"

"Of course not, you silly little thing," said Mary Adams, smiling, as she passed her arm round her sister, though a tear was in her eye. "It won't do, Annie; you and I must look strong, for that is all we can do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams, drying her eyes, "we must look strong; but oh, Mary, he ought never to have married me. I'm a weak, foolish thing, and shall never be any thing but a burden to him. It is partly through me that he has had to take this long journey, and I, in my weakness, shall be a clog to keep him back."

"He doesn't care for you a bit," said Mary Adams.

"Oh, Mary!" ejaculated the other; and her soft sweet little English face was raised pitifully as if in appeal.

"Any one would think so to hear you talk," said Mary Adams, drawing her sister to her breast, and kissing her white forehead. "Why, you little goose, you know he worships the very ground you walk on, and with you and your love to nerve his arm he will do wonders yet. But you must not let him see you fret."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Adams, drying her tears, and then forcing a smile as she stood up, looking quite a girl in appearance. "He does not dream of it; and it is only for his sake that I do trouble."

"And you don't regret leaving England?" said Mary.

"Only for his sake," said Mrs. Adams.

"And he only regrets it for yours," said Mary; and a sad shade crossed her face, one which Mrs. Adams saw, and this acted better than any words, for there was a silent demand made upon her for sympathy, and this in her turn she began to administer.

"There," she said, "my selfish fit is over, and I'm forgetting every one else. Do you feel to regret leaving home, Mary?"

There was a sad shake of the head.

"Not at all?" Mrs. Adams said, with a meaning look.

There was silence for a moment or two, and then, with averted head, Mary Adams spoke.

"Don't hint at that any more, dear," she said, and her voice had become hard and changed. "No, I have no regrets. I think I loved him very dearly; but a man who could forsake us when we became poor should have no further thought. No, my darling," she said, shaking off the sad fit, "I've had my love-dream, and I am going to be your old-maid sister to the end of the chapter if you'll both have me, for I've come to a settled belief now."

"And what's that," said Mrs. Adams, pleased at the bright look which had come over her sister's face.

"Why, that there are only two men in the world who are good for any thing, and I can never have either."

"One's Frank," said Mrs. Adams, merrily.

"Of course," said Mary, laughing; "and, Annie," she added, seriously, "he is as brave and true-hearted a man as ever stepped."

Mrs. Adams did not reply in words, only in looks, and they were looks of pride and happiness, as she thought of the man to whom she had given her heart but a short two years since.

"You don't ask who the other is," said Mary, smiling.

"No; I don't know," said Mrs. Adams, smiling. "Oh yes, I do; you mean poor Larry. Well, you can't have him."

They sat on, thoughtful and silent for a while, till the old sad feeling of strangeness began to creep back, and dreading from her sister's looks a repetition of the tears, and their consequent effect upon the brother they were to comfort and sustain, Mary Adams jumped up.

"Come," she said, "put on your hat, and let us go and have a look through the place."

Mrs. Adams shook her head despondently.

"Frank might come back; and he would not like us to go alone."

"Nonsense! I will take care of you, and Frank would like you to go if the walk is to do you good. Come, we will go; a look through the strange place will do us both good."

"We could make Larry follow us."

"To be sure," said Mary; "to act as body-guard with his stick."

"And we must not be long," said Mrs. Adams.

"No; half an hour or so. Just a ramble and back again," said Mary; and hats and scarfs being mounted, they made their way down into the hall in search of Larry.

But no Larry was to be found. In fact, just at that moment Larry was a mile away in hot controversy with a yellow-skinned Chinaman about the price charged for some washing; and finding that there was no one to attend to their wants, Mary drew her sister's hand through her arm, and seeming not to notice the attention drawn to their bonny fresh English faces in the crowded place, walked straight out into the busy way, as if she were to the manner born, and took the direction of the harbor.

"We may meet Frank," she said; "perhaps he would go down to the shipping office."

"Did you notice that tall American who was leaning against the door, smoking?" said Mrs. Adams, in an under-tone.

"What, that rude fellow who would hardly move to let us pass till I spoke to him?" said Mary, calmly.

"Don't be unjust," said Mrs. Adams; "he quite leaped aside when you spoke, and raised his hat."

"I did not see it," said Mary, coldly. "I only thought it very barbarous and rude to stand blocking up the door in that manner. We are rustic enough at home, but these people, with all their advance, are in some things horribly rude. But why do you lay such stress upon this meeting?"

"Because it is the same man that stared so hard at you yesterday," said Mrs. Adams.

"Nonsense!" said Mary, reddening slightly. "But there, does not that prove what I say—that these people are very rude?"

"I've seen folk at home who profess to be very polished stare very hard sometimes at a pretty girl."

"Ah!" said Mary, laughing, "but then they had the excuse of the woman's beauty. There is no excuse for any body who stares at me."

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Adams, dryly, as she directed a sidelong glance at the handsome, composed face of Mary, who walked on with a free, elastic step, the observed of all the loiterers near.

They went on, with something novel to take their attention at every step. The bright sky overhead, the shining waters of the bay, and the irregularity of the terrace-built city giving them, at almost every turn, a panorama of so varied and picturesque a character that more than once they paused in genuine admiration of the scene. The shops, too, with their rich contents, the brightly painted saloons, the stately stores, and, mingled with these, the roughly boarded huts and shanties run up according to their owners' means, all added to the quaintness and novelty of the scene, while on the busy sidewalks hurried or loitered as mingled a populace as could be seen in any quarter of the world.

"Mary," said Mrs. Adams at last, in a whisper, "had we not better turn back? I did not like to say any thing, but—"

"But what?" said Mary, turning, for her sister had paused.

"That man!"

"What man?" said Mary.

"That man who was at the hotel door. He has been following us the whole time."

"You will believe now what I said about these people being rude," said Mary, whose face seemed flushed more than the walking would have warranted. "Don't turn round," she said, hastily; "do as I have done from starting—completely ignore his presence."

"Then you knew he was following us?"

"Yes. But, look here; this turning seems to lead in the direction we want to go. Walk steadily on, and trust to me."

"I wish we had not come," said Mrs. Adams, excitedly.

"You silly child!" said her sister, laughing. "What is there to mind, out here in the open day?"

"There are so many rough men about," said Mrs. Adams; "and we are so strange."

"Never mind; women have their wits, even if they are strange," said Mary; and they walked on, turning down a narrow, crooked way, to find themselves, before they were aware of it, in what might have been a street in Pekin from its inhabitants, many of whom came out to stare at the strangers, who, however, walked steadily on.

"Had we not better turn back?" said Mrs. Adams.

"The very worst thing we could do," was the reply. "I dare say we shall come into a better part directly."

For the next few minutes they forgot their dilemma in the curious aspect of the people and their houses; for they had wandered right into a part of the Chinese quarter of the city. As Mary said, there was nothing to alarm them, for the busy populace seemed simple and inoffensive to a degree; and after a while Mrs. Adams felt disposed to laugh at her nervous trepidation.

The disposition to smile, though, passed off as they walked on, only to find that they had thoroughly lost their way, and had now penetrated into what appeared to be the lowest parts of the city. Drinking bars were at every few yards, thronged with a rough medley, composed of miners in red shirts and rough boots, and sailors of different nations; some were smoking and others drinking; gambling was going on in one place, in another there was evidently a fight, and, amidst the uproar, to make matters worse, just as they were hurrying by, there was a shot fired, followed by a loud yell and a rush of feet.

Mary drew her sister's arm more tightly through her own, and glanced anxiously down at the pale, frightened face, in dread lest she should be overcome. In such a lawless place it would have been terrible, and she blamed herself again and again for having ventured out, while at the same time she whispered words of encouragement.

"What an awful place!" Mrs. Adams whispered.

"It's the American edition of Wapping," said Mary, encouragingly. "Don't you remember seeing something of it when we went down to the docks? Keep a good heart and walk on."

A good heart was needed, for Mary had awakened to the fact that their presence had been noticed by a group of half a dozen men loafing outside a bar on the other side, a couple of whom now crossed over, saying nothing, but effectually barring the way.

For a moment Mary thought of turning back in obedience to her sister's wishes, but feeling that this would be a declaration of weakness and timidity, she walked boldly on, and the men, after exchanging glances, still blocking the way, while their companions came slouching up laughing, and turning one to the other, and effectually cutting off all retreat behind.

Some women would have looked despairingly round, and then fainted, or else shrieked for help. Mary Adams did neither; she was trembling in every limb, and she felt her heart beat painfully as she looked right ahead in the hope of seeing help in the shape of a policeman, or some one to whom she could appeal; but there was only a couple of women standing at a door across the narrow street, and from these she turned instinctively away to glance down at the soft sweet face at her side.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered, and, recovering herself for the task, she did not hesitate for a moment, but, on reaching the man who stopped the way on her side, she said, quietly, and with a pleasant smile, "We are two English strangers, and have lost our way; will you kindly direct us to the Chesapeake Hotel?"

The man was taken aback, and stared at her. Then he stared at her companion, spat, and gave his clothes a hitch as if to settle himself before responding.

"Oh! you're tew English strangers, air you? Well, I was an English stranger once, but I'm an American now tew hum. How are yew, my dear?"

He held out a very dirty hand as he spoke, and in spite of herself Mary Adams shrank back, trembling at the ruffian's aspect.

"You're two English strangers, are you?" said the other, who was evidently an American from somewhere down South.

"Yes. Will you show us the way?" said Mary, eagerly catching at straws.

"Then, all I've got to say is that English strangers is uncommon nice-looking."

There was a hearty laugh at this sally, and Mary glanced from one to the other, seeking a face in which she could place faith, but only to read in every livid visage the worst passions—vice and villainy: they were the scum of many nations, attracted by the mining riches of the country, and come back from the mountains to scatter broadcast the gold they had found.

"Will you allow us to pass, if you please?" she said now, with some dignity; and again whispering encouragement to her sister, she stepped into the roadway, but only to find her passage stayed by an ill-looking scoundrel in a great slouched felt hat, his trowsers tucked inside his boots, and a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a revolver and a knife.

"Don't shove me, young woman," he said, roughly; "this here ain't the worn-out old country."

There was another shout of laughter at this, and the fellow went on:

"Look here, my dear, I don't bear no malice. We're all gentlemen here. Come and have a drink. Drink our health, and then you can go home."

"What shall we do, Mary?" whispered Mrs. Adams. "Oh, pray scream."

"Hush!" was the reply, as Mary seemed to gather courage from their desperate position; and she passed her arm round her sister, and faced the scoundrels.

"My sister here is delicate, and suffering from the long voyage," she said; "and I ask you, as gentlemen, to let us go on. If one of you will kindly show us the way to the hotel, my brother will, I am sure, be most grateful to you."

"What d'ye say, lads, eh?" said one who had not spoken before; "let's 'scort the ladies home and make the brother stand drinks round."

"You hold your tongue," said the man whom Mary had first addressed; "it's all right; I'll show them the way. You come along o' me, my dears, and never mind them. Here, stand aside!"

"They must come and have a drink first," said the great ruffian of the revolver.

"You go on; they're under my protection," said the other, and he gave his companions a significant look, which silenced them, while he turned to Mary. "Here, hook on, both of you, and I'll see you there all right."

Mary looked at him and could read villainy in his every feature; but there was no time for hesitation; the man might mean well, and it seemed their only chance. Let him lead them into a more frequented street, and she would appeal to the first gentleman they met—only let them get out of this dreadful place.

"My sister is weak and frightened," she said, in response to his last remark. "We will walk by your side, please."

"Oh, just as you like," said the man, gruffly. "Well, come along; this way."

Mary hesitated for a moment, and then walked on by the fellow's side. She glanced back once, for now she recalled the fact that some one from the hotel had followed them; but he was not in sight, and to her horror she saw that their guide's companions were following close behind. For a moment she thought of offering the fellows their watches and what money they had, but she refrained, and they went on, down first one and then two or three other turnings, each more repulsive than those they had quitted.

"He is cheating us," Mary whispered to herself, but she said nothing to her companion, only kept her eyes busily engaged watching for a means of escape.

"It's only a little way farther," said the fellow; and then he stopped short with an oath, for a tall swarthy man stopped right in front and addressed Mary.

"Do you know," he said, "where these men are taking you?"

"Here, you, stand aside, will you, or—"

These words were accompanied by a menacing look and a touch of a revolver; but the new-comer, whose presence had been welcomed by a faint cry of joy from Mrs. Adams, looked at Mary for an answer.

"They were to show us the way back to the hotel," she said, trembling now so that she could hardly utter a word.

"And they were taking you right away from it, into the worst slums of the whole city. You come with me."

As he spoke he drew Mrs. Adams's arm through his, and taking no further notice of the men by whom they were surrounded than if they had not been there, he said a few encouraging words to Mary, and took a step forward.

"Not yet," said the fellow who had led, savagely; and giving a signal to his companions, he threw himself on the new-comer.

It was seven to one, but the stranger did not flinch. His right arm was disengaged, and with one blow he sent the fellow staggering half across the road, where he suddenly collapsed and fell in a heap.

That gave him a moment's respite, and in that brief moment he had swung the sisters into a doorway, where he stood at bay and set at liberty a knife and revolver with which he was armed.

The next minute *crack*, *crack*, *crack*, shot after shot was fired, and two men fell, while the new-comer felt a stinging hot pain run along the wrist of the hand which held his pistol, forcing him to drop it, as with a yell his enemies closed with him, trying hard to force him down, as, savage with pain and desperate with the death that threatened him, he got the foremost by the throat. In the struggle that ensued numbers proved to the stronger side of but little avail, for they could not fire or strike for fear of injuring their companions.

Their opportunity came, though, at last; for after a desperate fight the fellow engaged with the new-comer fell heavily, dragging his adversary with him, and with a savage growl, more like that of a pack of wolves leaping on their prey than the utterance of men, the rowdies dashed at the prostrate man. A bowie-knife was lifted for a deadly stroke, and the gallant young American's fate would have been sealed, had not a man sprung forward and, with all the nervous force of a muscular arm delivering a blow right from the shoulder, sent the knife-armed ruffian headlong to the ground, where he lay groaning, with a broken jaw.

This diversion enabled the American to rise, when the fight began more fiercely than ever; pistols were cast aside, and the two men were hemmed in by a ring of ruffians thirsting for their blood, only waiting for the slightest show of indecision for a spring upon their prey.

It was a desperate position for the two strangers, who had at the same moment recognized each other, and, in spite of their peril, each had had time to admire the brute courage the other displayed.

"Will you have the knife?" said Dawson, for it was he; and he spoke without taking his eyes from the men who faced him.

"Not while I've two fists," said Frank Adams. "Take that, you blood-thirsty dog! Ha!"

As he spoke, one of the scoundrels struck at him with his knife, but was met by such a blow between the eyes that he dropped at once; but the effort threw Adams off his guard, and before he could recover himself another had sprung upon him. There was a sensation as of hot lead searing his shoulder; and as he uttered one sharp ejaculation he closed with his adversary, who was reinforced by a couple more.

Frank Adams was a man of tremendous strength, but he was far overmatched. He glanced to the right, to see the American hard pressed. There was no help there; and for a

moment despairing thoughts flashed through his brain. His wife left unprotected in this wild city—himself killed in a street fight—misfortune pursuing him to the end. He was beaten; but Englishmen never know it. He had come to the rescue of a man in a sore strait, and the bull-dog in him made him fight to the end—an end which seemed to have come; for all at once, just as he had nearly struggled free, two fresh hands grasped him by the throat; a mist swam before his eyes; strange sounds rung in his ears, and all seemed to be a perfect blank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

The daughter of the President, as she advances in years, will find that one of the most difficult chapters in the volume of life thoroughly to understand is Sartor Resartor-is. She has opened it—*In Re Sartoris*—at the page where the hero enters upon the twenty-fourth year of his existence; and we express the fervent hope that she may comprehend and admire it, more than the majority of English-speaking people can comprehend or admire the curious work which went so far to make the fame of Thomas Carlyle.

—Mr. Edmund Yates writes to the *Herald*, on excellent authority, that Mr. Disraeli is seriously out of health, and that his state is causing great anxiety to his friends. His disease is said to be one which is always troublesome and frequently fatal. In the not unlikely case of his having to retire for some time, Lord Derby will combine the duties of Premier with those of Foreign Secretary.

—There seems to have been another of those pleasing little social outbursts at Washington, among Southern men, which remind one of the olden times when chivalry and ten paces were the order of the day. At a dinner-party recently given in that city by Senator Gordon, of Virginia, in honor of Robert Toombs, of Georgia, the guests were all Southern men, including Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi. Toombs criticised Lamar for the tone of his Sumner eulogy, and said that it was not sustained by the Southern people. He finally remarked to Lamar, "I have come up here to take you home," intimating that he was crazy. Mr. Lamar is said to have replied, "Any man who does not agree with the sentiments of my remarks is a coward and a poltroon, and unworthy the respect of a decent Southern man." Toombs cried out, "I will see you again, Sir." But he left for home next day. Mr. Lamar, as it seems to us, intended to be personal.

—The Boston *Post* holds to the belief that Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is growing weary of republican institutions, looks with favor upon the empire, and is going in for a dukedom. We have scrutinized the columns of the L. *C.-J.*, and do not assent. Think he would have mentioned it when last "i' the North." He may have thrown out a feeler in Boston, which, under the circumstances, should be taken *cum (Pommery-) Grano*, etc. It is certain that when in Brooklyn he kept Mumm. The *Post* has such a playful way of exaggerating things!

—At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston Mr. Charles Francis Adams exhibited a collection of letters written at Philadelphia by John Adams to Professor John Winthrop, of Harvard College, in 1775 and 1776, with copies of Winthrop's replies on the backs. They are to be published in a proposed volume of Revolutionary papers.

—According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Robert Toombs was the Sumner of the South, as Sumner was the Toombs of the North. Yet he is singularly methodical and circumspect in carrying out his schemes, and has been equally skillful in taking care of himself and his fortune. He can afford to be the one man excepted from amnesty, and to array himself on the side of imperialism. He is rich, and he knows very well that there must be another revolution before he can re-appear in American politics.

—It is intimated in British literary circles that Mr. Tennyson has completed a historical tragedy, the subject of which is Mary Queen of Scots.

—The First Congregational Church in Lexington, Massachusetts, still uses a Bible presented to the parish by John Hancock in 1793.

—A vignette of Charles Sumner has been ordered by the Currency Printing Bureau, and will be used on some of the new issues.

—Professor Goldwin Smith rises to explain about the sentence, "All Americans hate all Englishmen." He says he never said it, nor any thing like it. What he did say is: "While I depicted in, I think, sufficiently warm colors the prosperity which I had seen English emigrants enjoying in the United States, I thought it right to add that they were liable there to encounter an anti-British feeling from which British colonies were free. I mentioned some of the special sources of the feeling, such as international misunderstanding and Irish influence."

—Senator Ferry, whose illness is such as to create the most serious apprehensions, suffers from a spinal trouble like that of the late Senator Sumner. It is excessively painful. He has for months only been relieved temporarily by injections of morphine, repeated several times daily—so frequently, indeed, that he found it necessary to carry the little instrument with which the morphine was injected under the skin, and to perform the operation (a slight one) himself. He is now at his home at Norwalk, Connecticut, in a very low condition. During the last few weeks of Senator Sumner's life he frequently consulted with Senator Ferry, and they sympathized with each other in their similar and painful afflictions.

—General Hawley, of Connecticut, who so far demeans himself as to desert the editorial sanctum at Hartford to look after matters in the House of Representatives at Washington, says of the new United States Senator from Connecticut, Mr. Eaton: "He looks fully up to his age, which is in the neighborhood of fifty-five years. A solid-built man, well settled into his boots; height medium, face good-natured, but business in every line of it when he is engaged in debate. He is not a subdued sort of man, and won't be when he reaches the Senate. He always fancied that he was hired by the people to work, and he is one of the steadiest men in attendance upon his duties we ever had in Connecticut. Every thing is real and earnest with him, and he believes that he must do his share in all measures of any importance. Loud-voiced and combative, he challenges attention in argument, obtains, and keeps it. He holds that any discussion worth making is worth all the fervor he can throw into it. A man of great force, his opponents sometimes call him overbearing, but I always liked to meet him in debate, because I always knew he felt every thing he said."

—In Richard Stoddard's first "Bric-à-Brac" volume, published by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., among other pleasant reading may be found this about a jolly party named Samuel Beazley, who wrote his own epitaph:

> "Here lies Samuel Beazley,
> Who lived hard and died easily."

The latter declaration was not prophetic. He suffered considerably a short time before his decease, and his usual spirits occasionally forsaking him, he one day wrote so melancholy a letter that the friend to whom it was addressed observed in his reply that it was "like the first chapter of Jeremiah." "You are mistaken, my dear fellow," retorted the wit, "it is the last chapter of Samuel."

—That very great men sometimes make very great mistakes in very great matters has been elicited by a Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, who states that in a conversation between the King of Italy and Prince Bismarck, on the occasion of the King's visit to Berlin last year, Bismarck declared to the latter that he made two mistakes at the beginning of the late war with France—in underestimating the financial resources of France, and overestimating her military strength. He regrets now that he did not overrun all her territory, and then make the indemnity large enough—say, ten milliards—to have crippled her for years. As it is, he sees a new danger in her present prosperity.

—Senator Jones, of Nevada, now occasionally alluded to as a man of some means, has three brothers and one sister at Gold Hill, Nevada—H. A.; E. W.; and S. L. Jones, the latter of whom succeeded John P. in the superintendency of the Crown Point Mine. In Cleveland there reside his brothers, Thomas, City Auditor; James, Judge of the Superior Court; William, who carries on the father's business; and Frederick, a young man of twenty. Senator Jones married a daughter of Judge Thomas Conger, of Sacramento, some years ago. This lady died about three years since, leaving behind her one son, now five years old, who is being brought up by his grandmother and aunt at Gold Hill. Senator Jones's other two sisters are married, and reside in the East.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday,	3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

JULY.

Sunday,	5.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Fraternity is the order of the day. We are all fraternizing at so rapid a pace that it is difficult to keep up with the record. These blossoms of peace all burst out, too, in the month of May, the month of hope and assured promise. The two Presbyterian assemblies at St. Louis and Columbus are exchanging fraternal greetings. The (Dutch) Reformed Church has taken hold of Northern Presbyterianism with one hand and of Southern Presbyterianism with the other, and is happy in the fellowship of both. The Northern Methodist delegates to the Southern General Conference have succeeded in their mission of re-establishing fraternal relations; the Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches, which separated in 1861, have determined to reunite. Southern brethren took part most heartily in the Baptist anniversaries at Washington. At the present rate the entire pacification of the country will be completed in a few years.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is quite equal to the emergency created by the murder of the Rev. John L. Stephens in Mexico. They have appointed to fill the vacant place the Rev. G. F. G. Morgan, of Vallejo, California, a fellow-graduate of Stephens from the Pacific Theological Seminary, and Mr. Edwards, of Wales. For one man killed they send two, and if these two are slain they will send four, reports a member of the board. A dispatch from the Hon. John W. Foster, the United States minister in Mexico, to Secretary Fish states that seven of the guilty persons have been tried and condemned to death, but have appealed to the Supreme Court. Twelve or fifteen men, among them the cura of Ahualulco, are awaiting trial. President Lerdo has assured the missionaries in the city of Mexico that he will protect them and their associates in the free exercise of their ministry, and will maintain religious toleration throughout the republic. The condemned murderers of Mr. Stephens were to have been shot during the last week of April, but a question of the competency of the court being raised, execution has been delayed.

The Baptist anniversaries at Washington drew together a large concourse of people. The societies represented were the Bible and Publication Society, the Home Mission Society, and the Educational Commission. The first of the three celebrated this year its jubilee, having been founded fifty years ago. It has since its origin received in its business department $3,162,038; in its missionary department, $799,244, making a total of $3,961,282. The Home Mission Society has aided during the year 335 missionaries. The total receipts for the year have been $257,257. The church edifice department has made loans to over sixty churches to the amount of $50,000; the loan fund is now $218,092. Drs. Nathan Bishop and E. L. Taylor were elected secretaries for the coming year.

The Southern Methodist General Conference has accepted the overture of the Northern Church for the restoration of fraternal relations. The bishops are authorized to appoint a delegation, consisting of two ministers and one layman, to bear the Christian salutations of Southern Methodism to the next Methodist Episcopal General Conference, which meets in 1876. A commission of three ministers and two laymen was also authorized to meet a similar commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the adjustment of existing difficulties.

There was an animated debate in the Conference over that part of the report on fraternal relations which contains a historical recital of the causes of the separation of the two Churches in 1844. Many delegates wished all reference to the past troubles to be excluded from the paper. Before the final adjournment, on May 26, the Conference adopted resolutions of thanks to Commodore Vanderbilt for his munificent gift of $500,000 for the endowment of a university. The next General Conference will be held at Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1878.

Travelers in Pennsylvania will frequently meet with men dressed in a quaint costume which has been for many years out of date, wearing long beards, broad-brimmed hats, and looking withal prosperous and comfortable. These are the Dunkers or Tunkers, a sect of German Baptists. In their opposition to war they resemble the Quakers; in the practice of feet-washing and the bestowal of the kiss of peace, the Mennonites. It is one of their peculiarities not to erect houses of worship. Religious services are held in private houses, and in summer weather in barns. Their National Conference met this year at Girard, Illinois, on the 24th of May. About 2000 delegates were in attendance, and as many as 10,000 persons were said to be present. Their annual meetings are always occasions for the exercise of an abundant hospitality. Propositions before the Conference for granting permission to members to engage in banking business, and for favoring collegiate education, were negatived.

In the Presbyterian General Assembly at St. Louis the committee appointed to confer with a like committee of the Reformed Church on terms of union reported that the desirableness of union was agreed upon, but that it should be effected by the general consent of the ministers and members of both Churches. Another year's consideration of the subject was asked for and granted. The consideration of the subject of union with the Cumberland Presbyterians was also continued for another year. The committee on the consolidation of the charitable boards recommended that they be reduced to four, viz., Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Education and Relief, and Publication. This proposal was debated at great length. The standing committee on Benevolence and Finance was discontinued.

In Austria the bill regulating the position of the Roman Catholic Church has received the imperial sanction. In the Prussian Landtag the bill for the administration of vacated dioceses has been adopted by an overwhelming majority. In Baden the Archbishop-Administrator of Freiburg has been condemned to pay a fine of 1400 thalers for illegal nominations of the clergy. In Rome, on May 5, the Pope closed an address to a party of French pilgrims in these words: "I bless the rulers of your country, praying that they may remove, or at least lessen, that scourge of society, which is called *Universal Suffrage*, but merits rather to be called *Universal Falsehood*." If this is said to the French pilgrims, what may the American pilgrims expect?

That most excellent institution, the American Sunday-school Union, has reached its fiftieth year. At the time of its origin the Sunday-school was not so generally adopted by the churches as now, and the Union proposed to itself missionary labor in neglected neighborhoods of the country. In the fifty years $2,133,264 have been expended in missionary operations; 57,799 schools, containing 386,242 teachers and 2,545,787 scholars, have been organized. In the same period of time books and papers to the value of $6,000,000 have been circulated, partly by grants and partly by sales. Nowhere in the world has the Sunday-school system had such a development as in the United States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent marriage of the President's daughter has led to an investigation of records concerning past weddings within the walls of the Executive Mansion. In 1820 Maria Monroe, youngest daughter of President Monroe, was married to Samuel L. Gouverneur, private secretary of the President. Miss Monroe was only seventeen, very beautiful, and had been educated in Paris. The marriage was private, only the relatives and personal friends of the two families being present. In 1833 a daughter of Major William B. Lewis (who was a personal friend of President Jackson, and resided, with his family, in the White House) was married to Monsieur Alphonse de Pageot, at that time secretary of the French legation, and afterward minister from France. During President Tyler's administration his daughter Elizabeth, eighteen years of age, was married in the White House to Mr. Waller, of Virginia. That event occurred in 1842, since which time no wedding ceremony has been performed in the Executive Mansion, until that one which recently changed the name of Miss Nellie Grant to Mrs. Algernon Sartoris.

"Children's-day" in Brooklyn fell on May 27—a bright, clear, sunny day, which thousands of little folks hailed with gladness. The members of the various Sunday-schools gathered in divisions as arranged, and after the usual exercises, consisting of addresses and singing, the grand procession was formed. A beautiful sight it always is— [illegible] than forty thousand children, in gala dress, marching to the sound of music. The festive day closed—for the children—with the usual refreshments.

Bartolommeo Eustacheo, a distinguished Italian physician of the sixteenth century, is about to be commemorated by a colossal statue in San Severino, his native town. The discoverer of the Eustachian tube, the thoracic duct, and the suprarenal capsules, he was also the first to employ copper etching in anatomical delineations. His plates, embodying splendid representations of the nervous, abdominal, and muscular apparatus, both in the pathological and healthy condition, lay unappreciated and unknown till his great countryman, Lances, published them at Rome in 1814. Still later they were republished by the famous anatomist Albinus.

A bill has passed the Massachusetts Legislature prohibiting the employment of children under fifteen years of age as acrobats, gymnasts, contortionists, or equestrians in public.

The countries east of the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Cairo, have during the past winter experienced a season of most unprecedented severity. More snow has fallen at Constantinople than has been known for half a century, while between Beyrout and Damascus the drifts have seriously interfered with communication between the two places. In Palestine the rainy season has lasted much longer than usual, and nearly double the usual amount has fallen. In March a heavy snow-storm prevailed throughout the country, frustrating the plans of many a party of travelers.

San Francisco claims the honor of being the residence of a lady who has invented a new needle. The improvement consists in making needles of all sizes without any eye for the thread, but having instead a hole bored longitudinally into the head to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, which hole is arranged with a screw thread. It is thought it will be valuable as a surgical needle, as it carries a single thread, so making a smaller hole than the ordinary needle with partially doubled thread.

Of the desolated villages in Mill River Valley only Skinnersville shows little or no prospect of recovery. Probably that village will not be rebuilt, as it is stated that the water-power can not again be utilized without enormous expense, as the former channel has been washed away.

The President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals fully believes that animals have "thoughts, language, intelligence, affection, and gratitude;" moreover, although he desires to express no personal opinion upon the question of their immortality, he does express the "hope that in some future life they may be compensated for the wrongs they suffer here."

The bust of Louis M. Gottschalk, from the studio of Jules Franceschi, of Paris, has been on exhibition at the Academy of Design for some time past. The work is both accurate and beautiful. It is to be located in some public place to be hereafter decided upon.

At Saratoga this summer New York daily papers will be sold for five cents. Hitherto the price demanded has been ten cents, and there certainly has been no occasion for this exaction.

It is rumored that one of the hotels at Niagara Falls has reduced its charges, and that the others will soon follow the example.

In Switzerland there is a law, it is said, which compels every married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons and near the roads, and being mostly fruit trees, are both useful and ornamental. The number planted amounts to ten thousand annually.

The "Dolgorouki biscuit" is a popular article of food in the Russian army, and is thought to prevent many of the diseases to which soldiers on long expeditions are subject. This biscuit was invented by Prince Michael Dolgorouki, and consists of flour, beef, and sour-krout in equal parts. During the recent campaign in Khiva the provisions of the men consisted only of meat and this biscuit, which may be eaten as biscuit, or dissolved in water as soup.

Open-air concerts at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, were recommenced for the season on Saturday afternoon, May 30, and will continue until the end of October.

A curious incident recently occurred on a Western railroad train. As the cars were moving away from the Terre Haute dépôt a pretty young woman came from the ladies' car, and, rushing into the smoking-car, frantically appealed to every body to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed, piteously, "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train! I've left my baby!" The train was stopped, and baby recovered, amidst the hearty cheers of the people on the platform and the passengers; and while the young mother laughed and cried and hugged her little one, she tried to explain how the baby was such a very new one that she hadn't got used to it yet.

The Cincinnati Industrial Exposition will open on September 3, and close one month from that time. A building especially constructed for the purpose is devoted to the exhibition of Fine Arts. It is entirely removed from the other buildings, being on the opposite side of the street from the other part of the Exposition, with which it is connected by a bridge. The works desired for exhibition are sculpture, paintings in oil and water-colors, portrait, architectural, mechanical, and other drawings in black and white. Transportation both ways, cost of packing and insurance, will be paid by the Exposition. Each exhibitor is desired to write as soon as possible to George W. Jones, Fine Art Department, C. I. E., Cincinnati, Ohio, stating the character and size of works he wishes to exhibit. He will then be furnished with blank forms, which are to be filled as therein designated. One copy of this form should be sent to the agent who in each city represents the Exposition, and he will call for the pictures, and also return them in good order. All boxes and packages containing articles for exhibition should be directed to "Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, Art Department," with the name and address of the sender plainly marked thereon. A detailed statement of the contents of each box and package should be inclosed with the same, and a copy sent separately by mail. All works must be delivered at the Exposition Hall between the 1st and the 15th of August. Productions of both American and foreign artists will be received, and every precaution taken to insure their safety. It should be mentioned that all pictures must be suitably framed, and that every effort will be made to effect a sale of them. The agent for the Exposition for New York is L. R. Menger; for Philadelphia, James S. Earle & Sons; for Boston, Doll & Richards; for Baltimore, Myers & Hedian.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

[See Illustration on Page 492.]

INTO the homes of sorrow and distress
The rare, sweet flowers go to bud and bloom,
And with their own bright life make glad a while
The lives that wither in perpetual gloom.
Poor hearts that long have starved for word of love,
Dim eyes that ne'er behold a beauteous thing,
And tired hands that stretch themselves in vain
For joys that ever from their grasp take wing:

To these the flowers on their mission go,
And breathe a fragrance fraught with new, sweet life,
And cause an atmosphere of joy and peace
To enter e'en 'mid scenes of pain and strife.
Sweet buds of beauty! how they seem to say,
"Cheer up! cheer up! there are kind hearts and true,
And though your paths seem overgrown with thorns,
Yet there are flowers still which bloom for you!"

A thousand blessings on the kindly hands
Which pluck the fragrant flowers for the poor!
A thousand blessings on the kindly feet
Which falter not, but go from door to door,
And leave with tender, loving charity
The sweet joy-breathing gifts of love divine.
Who knows what endless flowers of grace and truth
The Flower Mission may hereafter twine?

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER III.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

SUCH a change from life at the old farm in an English county, where all was regularity and quiet peace, to this in a San Francisco hotel, new of the newest, with French customs and English language, and such an influx of migratory beings that the place was a scene of hurry and confusion from morning till night, and our English arrivals had hard matter to hold their own. They had, however, secured one room, so as to insure some privacy, and it was in this place that Frank Adams's wife and sister were seated looking out at the busy street scene.

"It does seem a long way to have come," said Mary, tossing back her thick brown hair, and looking, with her sun-tanned face and dark eyes, such a model as an artist would have chosen for his painting of Juno, while her companion, her brother's wife, looked slight, pale, and care-worn by her side—"it does seem a long way to have come. But never mind; Frank will make a home for us somewhere, and— Why, Annie, you are crying!"

"It's nothing," said Mrs. Adams, "only weakness. I've no business to cry; and I dare not when Frank is here, for fear of making him low-spirited and—"

"Of course not, you silly little thing," said Mary Adams, smiling, as she passed her arm round her sister, though a tear was in her eye. "It won't do, Annie; you and I must look strong, for that is all we can do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams, drying her eyes, "we must look strong; but oh, Mary, he ought never to have married me. I'm a weak, foolish thing, and shall never be any thing but a burden to him. It is partly through me that he has had to take this long journey, and I, in my weakness, shall be a clog to keep him back."

"He doesn't care for you a bit," said Mary Adams.

"Oh, Mary!" ejaculated the other; and her soft sweet little English face was raised pitifully as if in appeal.

"Any one would think so to hear you talk," said Mary Adams, drawing her sister to her breast, and kissing her white forehead. "Why, you little goose, you know he worships the very ground you walk on, and with you and your love to nerve his arm he will do wonders yet. But you must not let him see you fret."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Adams, drying her tears, and then forcing a smile as she stood up, looking quite a girl in appearance. "He does not dream of it; and it is only for his sake that I do trouble."

"And you don't regret leaving England?" said Mary.

"Only for his sake," said Mrs. Adams.

"And he only regrets it for yours," said Mary; and a sad shade crossed her face, one which Mrs. Adams saw, and this acted better than any words, for there was a silent demand made upon her for sympathy, and this in her turn she began to administer.

"There," she said, "my selfish fit is over, and I'm forgetting every one else. Do you feel to regret leaving home, Mary?"

There was a sad shake of the head.

"Not at all?" Mrs. Adams said, with a meaning look.

There was silence for a moment or two, and then, with averted head, Mary Adams spoke.

"Don't hint at that any more, dear," she said, and her voice had become hard and changed. "No, I have no regrets. I think I loved him very dearly; but a man who could forsake us when we became poor should have no further thought. No, my darling," she said, shaking off the sad fit, "I've had my love-dream, and I am going to be your old-maid sister to the end of the chapter if you'll both have me, for I've come to a settled belief now."

"And what's that," said Mrs. Adams, pleased at the bright look which had come over her sister's face.

"Why, that there are only two men in the world who are good for any thing, and I can never have either."

"One's Frank," said Mrs. Adams, merrily.

"Of course," said Mary, laughing; "and, Annie," she added, seriously, "he is as brave and true-hearted a man as ever stepped."

Mrs. Adams did not reply in words, only in looks, and they were looks of pride and happiness, as she thought of the man to whom she had given her heart but a short two years since.

"You don't ask who the other is," said Mary, smiling.

"No; I don't know," said Mrs. Adams, smiling. "Oh yes, I do; you mean poor Larry. Well, you can't have him."

They sat on, thoughtful and silent for a while, till the old sad feeling of strangeness began to creep back, and dreading from her sister's looks a repetition of the tears, and their consequent effect upon the brother they were to comfort and sustain, Mary Adams jumped up.

"Come," she said, "put on your hat, and let us go and have a look through the place."

Mrs. Adams shook her head despondently.

"Frank might come back; and he would not like us to go alone."

"Nonsense! I will take care of you, and Frank would like you to go if the walk is to do you good. Come, we will go; a look through the strange place will do us both good."

"We could make Larry follow us."

"To be sure," said Mary; "to act as body-guard with his stick."

"And we must not be long," said Mrs. Adams.

"No; half an hour or so. Just a ramble and back again," said Mary; and hats and scarfs being mounted, they made their way down into the hall in search of Larry.

But no Larry was to be found. In fact, just at that moment Larry was a mile away in hot controversy with a yellow-skinned Chinaman about the price charged for some washing; and finding that there was no one to attend to their wants, Mary drew her sister's hand through her arm, and seeming not to notice the attention drawn to their bonny fresh English faces in the crowded place, walked straight out into the busy way, as if she were to the manner born, and took the direction of the harbor.

"We may meet Frank," she said; "perhaps he would go down to the shipping office."

"Did you notice that tall American who was leaning against the door, smoking?" said Mrs. Adams, in an under-tone.

"What, that rude fellow who would hardly move to let us pass till I spoke to him?" said Mary, calmly.

"Don't be unjust," said Mrs. Adams; "he quite leaped aside when you spoke, and raised his hat."

"I did not see it," said Mary, coldly. "I only thought it very barbarous and rude to stand blocking up the door in that manner. We are rustic enough at home, but these people, with all their advance, are in some things horribly rude. But why do you lay such stress upon this meeting?"

"Because it is the same man that stared so hard at you yesterday," said Mrs. Adams.

"Nonsense!" said Mary, reddening slightly. "But there, does not that prove what I say—that these people are very rude?"

"I've seen folk at home who profess to be very polished stare very hard sometimes at a pretty girl."

"Ah!" said Mary, laughing, "but then they had the excuse of the woman's beauty. There is no excuse for any body who stares at me."

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Adams, dryly, as she directed a sidelong glance at the handsome, composed face of Mary, who walked on with a free, elastic step, the observed of all the loiterers near.

They went on, with something novel to take their attention at every step. The bright sky overhead, the shining waters of the bay, and the irregularity of the terrace-built city giving them, at almost every turn, a panorama of so varied and picturesque a character that more than once they paused in genuine admiration of the scene. The shops, too, with their rich contents, the brightly painted saloons, the stately stores, and, mingled with these, the roughly boarded huts and shanties run up according to their owners' means, all added to the quaintness and novelty of the scene, while on the busy sidewalks hurried or loitered as mingled a populace as could be seen in any quarter of the world.

"Mary," said Mrs. Adams at last, in a whisper, "had we not better turn back? I did not like to say any thing, but—"

"But what?" said Mary, turning, for her sister had paused.

"That man!"

"What man?" said Mary.

"That man who was at the hotel door. He has been following us the whole time."

"You will believe now what I said about these people being rude," said Mary, whose face seemed flushed more than the walking would have warranted. "Don't turn round," she said, hastily; "do as I have done from starting—completely ignore his presence."

"Then you knew he was following us?"

"Yes. But, look here; this turning seems to lead in the direction we want to go. Walk steadily on, and trust to me."

"I wish we had not come," said Mrs. Adams, excitedly.

"You silly child!" said her sister, laughing. "What is there to mind, out here in the open day?"

"There are so many rough men about," said Mrs. Adams; "and we are so strange."

"Never mind; women have their wits, even if they are strange," said Mary; and they walked on, turning down a narrow, crooked way, to find themselves, before they were aware of it, in what might have been a street in Pekin from its inhabitants, many of whom came out to stare at the strangers, who, however, walked steadily on.

"Had we not better turn back?" said Mrs. Adams.

"The very worst thing we could do," was the reply. "I dare say we shall come into a better part directly."

For the next few minutes they forgot their dilemma in the curious aspect of the people and their houses; for they had wandered right into a part of the Chinese quarter of the city. As Mary said, there was nothing to alarm them, for the busy populace seemed simple and inoffensive to a degree; and after a while Mrs. Adams felt disposed to laugh at her nervous trepidation.

The disposition to smile, though, passed off as they walked on, only to find that they had thoroughly lost their way, and had now penetrated into what appeared to be the lowest parts of the city. Drinking bars were at every few yards, thronged with a rough medley, composed of miners in red shirts and rough boots, and sailors of different nations; some were smoking and others drinking; gambling was going on in one place, in another there was evidently a fight, and, amidst the uproar, to make matters worse, just as they were hurrying by, there was a shot fired, followed by a loud yell and a rush of feet.

Mary drew her sister's arm more tightly through her own, and glanced anxiously down at the pale, frightened face, in dread lest she should be overcome. In such a lawless place it would have been terrible, and she blamed herself again and again for having ventured out, while at the same time she whispered words of encouragement.

"What an awful place!" Mrs. Adams whispered.

"It's the American edition of Wapping," said Mary, encouragingly. "Don't you remember seeing something of it when we went down to the docks? Keep a good heart and walk on."

A good heart was needed, for Mary had awakened to the fact that their presence had been noticed by a group of half a dozen men loafing outside a bar on the other side, a couple of whom now crossed over, saying nothing, but effectually barring the way.

For a moment Mary thought of turning back in obedience to her sister's wishes, but feeling that this would be a declaration of weakness and timidity, she walked boldly on, and the men, after exchanging glances, still blocking the way, while their companions came slouching up laughing, and turning one to the other, and effectually cutting off all retreat behind.

Some women would have looked despairingly round, and then fainted, or else shrieked for help. Mary Adams did neither; she was trembling in every limb, and she felt her heart beat painfully as she looked right ahead in the hope of seeing help in the shape of a policeman, or some one to whom she could appeal; but there was only a couple of women standing at a door across the narrow street, and from these she turned instinctively away to glance down at the soft sweet face at her side.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered, and, recovering herself for the task, she did not hesitate for a moment, but, on reaching the man who stopped the way on her side, she said, quietly, and with a pleasant smile, "We are two English strangers, and have lost our way; will you kindly direct us to the Chesapeake Hotel?"

The man was taken aback, and stared at her. Then he stared at her companion, spat, and gave his clothes a hitch as if to settle himself before responding.

"Oh! you're tew English strangers, air you? Well, I was an English stranger once, but I'm an American now tew hum. How are yew, my dear?"

He held out a very dirty hand as he spoke, and in spite of herself Mary Adams shrank back, trembling at the ruffian's aspect.

"You're two English strangers, are you?" said the other, who was evidently an American from somewhere down South.

"Yes. Will you show us the way?" said Mary, eagerly catching at straws.

"Then, all I've got to say is that English strangers is uncommon nice-looking."

There was a hearty laugh at this sally, and Mary glanced from one to the other, seeking a face in which she could place faith, but only to read in every lividvisage the worst passions—vice and villainy: they were the scum of many nations, attracted by the mining riches of the country, and come back from the mountains to scatter broadcast the gold they had found.

"Will you allow us to pass, if you please?" she said now, with some dignity; and again whispering encouragement to her sister, she stepped into the roadway, but only to find her passage stayed by an ill-looking scoundrel in a great slouched felt hat, his trowsers tucked inside his boots, and a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a revolver and a knife.

"Don't shove me, young woman," he said, roughly; "this here ain't the worn-out old country."

There was another shout of laughter at this, and the fellow went on:

"Look here, my dear, I don't bear no malice. We're all gentlemen here. Come and have a drink. Drink our health, and then you can go home."

"What shall we do, Mary?" whispered Mrs. Adams. "Oh, pray scream."

"Hush!" was the reply, as Mary seemed to gather courage from their desperate position; and she passed her arm round her sister, and faced the scoundrels.

"My sister here is delicate, and suffering from the long voyage," she said; "and I ask you, as gentlemen, to let us go on. If one of you will kindly show us the way to the hotel, my brother will, I am sure, be most grateful to you."

"What d'ye say, lads, eh?" said one who had not spoken before; "let's 'scort the ladies home and make the brother stand drinks round."

"You hold your tongue," said the man whom Mary had first addressed; "it's all right; I'll show them the way. You come along o' me, my dears, and never mind them. Here, stand aside!"

"They must come and have a drink first," said the great ruffian of the revolver.

"You go on; they're under my protection," said the other, and he gave his companions a significant look, which silenced them, while he turned to Mary. "Here, hook on, both of you, and I'll see you there all right."

Mary looked at him and could read villainy in his every feature; but there was no time for hesitation; the man might mean well, and it seemed their only chance. Let him lead them into a more frequented street, and she would appeal to the first gentleman they met—only let them get out of this dreadful place.

"My sister is weak and frightened," she said, in response to his last remark. "We will walk by your side, please."

"Oh, just as you like," said the man, gruffly. "Well, come along; this way."

Mary hesitated for a moment, and then walked on by the fellow's side. She glanced back once, for now she recalled the fact that some one from the hotel had followed them; but he was not in sight, and to her horror she saw that their guide's companions were following close behind. For a moment she thought of offering the fellows their watches and what money they had, but she refrained, and they went on, down first one and then two or three other turnings, each more repulsive than those they had quitted.

"He is cheating us," Mary whispered to herself, but she said nothing to her companion, only kept her eyes busily engaged watching for a means of escape.

"It's only a little way farther," said the fellow; and then he stopped short with an oath, for a tall swarthy man stopped right in front and addressed Mary.

"Do you know," he said, "where these men are taking you?"

"Here, you, stand aside, will you, or—"

These words were accompanied by a menacing look and a touch of a revolver; but the newcomer, whose presence had been welcomed by a faint cry of joy from Mrs. Adams, looked at Mary for an answer.

"They were to show us the way back to the hotel," she said, trembling now so that she could hardly utter a word.

"And they were taking you right away from it, into the worst slums of the whole city. You come with me."

As he spoke he drew Mrs. Adams's arm through his, and taking no further notice of the men by whom they were surrounded than if they had not been there, he said a few encouraging words to Mary, and took a step forward.

"Not yet," said the fellow who had led, savagely; and giving a signal to his companions, he threw himself on the new-comer.

It was seven to one, but the stranger did not flinch. His right arm was disengaged, and with one blow he sent the fellow staggering half across the road, where he suddenly collapsed and fell in a heap.

That gave him a moment's respite, and in that brief moment he had swung the sisters into a doorway, where he stood at bay and set at liberty a knife and revolver with which he was armed.

The next minute *crack*, *crack*, *crack*, shot after shot was fired, and two men fell, while the new-comer felt a stinging hot pain run along the wrist of the hand which held his pistol, forcing him to drop it, as with a yell his enemies closed with him, trying hard to force him down, as, savage with pain and desperate with the death that threatened him, he got the foremost by the throat. In the struggle that ensued numbers proved to the stronger side of but little avail, for they could not fire or strike for fear of injuring their companions.

Their opportunity came, though, at last; for after a desperate fight the fellow engaged with the new-comer fell heavily, dragging his adversary with him, and with a savage growl, more like that of a pack of wolves leaping on their prey than the utterance of men, the rowdies dashed at the prostrate man. A bowie-knife was lifted for a deadly stroke, and the gallant young American's fate would have been sealed, had not a man sprung forward and, with all the nervous force of a muscular arm delivering a blow right from the shoulder, sent the knife-armed ruffian headlong to the ground, where he lay groaning, with a broken jaw.

This diversion enabled the American to rise, when the fight began more fiercely than ever; pistols were cast aside, and the two men were hemmed in by a ring of ruffians thirsting for their blood, only waiting for the slightest show of indecision for a spring upon their prey.

It was a desperate position for the two strangers, who had at the same moment recognized each other, and, in spite of their peril, each had had time to admire the brute courage the other displayed.

"Will you have the knife?" said Dawson, for it was he; and he spoke without taking his eyes from the men who faced him.

"Not while I've two fists," said Frank Adams. "Take that, you blood-thirsty dog! HA!"

As he spoke, one of the scoundrels struck at him with his knife, but was met by such a blow between the eyes that he dropped at once; but the effort threw Adams off his guard, and before he could recover himself another had sprung upon him. There was a sensation as of hot lead searing his shoulder; and as he uttered one sharp ejaculation he closed with his adversary, who was reinforced by a couple more.

Frank Adams was a man of tremendous strength, but he was far overmatched. He glanced to the right, to see the American hard pressed. There was no help there; and for a

moment despairing thoughts flashed through his brain. His wife left unprotected in this wild city—himself killed in a street fight—misfortune pursuing him to the end. He was beaten; but Englishmen never know it. He had come to the rescue of a man in a sore strait, and the bull-dog in him made him fight to the end—an end which seemed to have come; for all at once, just as he had nearly struggled free, two fresh hands grasped him by the throat; a mist swam before his eyes; strange sounds rung in his ears, and all seemed to be a perfect blank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

THE daughter of the President, as she advances in years, will find that one of the most difficult chapters in the volume of life thoroughly to understand is Sartor Resartor-is. She has opened it—*In Re Sartoris*—at the page where the hero enters upon the twenty-fourth year of his existence; and we express the fervent hope that she may comprehend and admire it, more than the majority of English-speaking people can comprehend or admire the curious work which went so far to make the fame of THOMAS CARLYLE.

—Mr. EDMUND YATES writes to the *Herald*, on excellent authority, that Mr. DISRAELI is seriously out of health, and that his state is causing great anxiety to his friends. His disease is said to be one which is always troublesome and frequently fatal. In the not unlikely case of his having to retire for some time, Lord DERBY will combine the duties of Premier with those of Foreign Secretary.

—There seems to have been another of those pleasing little social outbursts at Washington, among Southern men, which remind one of the olden times when chivalry and ten paces were the order of the day. At a dinner-party recently given in that city by Senator GORDON, of Virginia, in honor of ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, the guests were all Southern men, including Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi. TOOMBS criticised LAMAR for the tone of his SUMNER eulogy, and said that it was not sustained by the Southern people. He finally remarked to LAMAR, "I have come up here to take you home," intimating that he was crazy. Mr. LAMAR is said to have replied, "Any man who does not agree with the sentiments of my remarks is a coward and a poltroon, and unworthy the respect of a decent Southern man." TOOMBS cried out, "I will see you again, Sir." But he left for home next day. Mr. LAMAR, as it seems to us, intended to be personal.

—The Boston *Post* holds to the belief that HENRY WATTERSON of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is growing weary of republican institutions, looks with favor upon the empire, and is going in for a dukedom. We have scrutinized the columns of the L. *C.-J.*, and do not assent. Think he would have mentioned it when last "i' the North." He may have thrown out a feeler in Boston, which, under the circumstances, should be taken *cum* (*Pommery-*) *Grano*, etc. It is certain that when in Brooklyn he kept Mumm. The *Post* has such a playful way of exaggerating things!

—At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS exhibited a collection of letters written at Philadelphia by JOHN ADAMS to Professor JOHN WINTHROP, of Harvard College, in 1775 and 1776, with copies of WINTHROP's replies on the backs. They are to be published in a proposed volume of Revolutionary papers.

—According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, ROBERT TOOMBS was the SUMNER of the South, as SUMNER was the TOOMBS of the North. Yet he is singularly methodical and circumspect in carrying out his schemes, and has been equally skillful in taking care of himself and his fortune. He can afford to be the one man excepted from amnesty, and to array himself on the side of imperialism. He is rich, and he knows very well that there must be another revolution before he can re-appear in American politics.

—It is intimated in British literary circles that Mr. TENNYSON has completed a historical tragedy, the subject of which is MARY Queen of Scots.

—The First Congregational Church in Lexington, Massachusetts, still uses a Bible presented to the parish by JOHN HANCOCK in 1793.

—A vignette of CHARLES SUMNER has been ordered by the Currency Printing Bureau, and will be used on some of the new issues.

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH rises to explain about the sentence, "All Americans hate all Englishmen." He says he never said it, nor any thing like it. What he did say is: "While I depicted in, I think, sufficiently warm colors the prosperity which I had seen English emigrants enjoying in the United States, I thought it right to add that they were liable there to encounter an anti-British feeling from which British colonies were free. I mentioned some of the special sources of the feeling, such as international misunderstanding and Irish influence."

—Senator FERRY, whose illness is such as to create the most serious apprehensions, suffers from a spinal trouble like that of the late Senator SUMNER. It is excessively painful. He has for months only been relieved temporarily by injections of morphine, repeated several times daily—so frequently, indeed, that he found it necessary to carry the little instrument with which the morphine was injected under the skin, and to perform the operation (a slight one) himself. He is now at his home at Norwalk, Connecticut, in a very low condition. During the last few weeks of Senator SUMNER's life he frequently consulted with Senator FERRY, and they sympathized with each other in their similar and painful afflictions.

—General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, who so far demeans himself as to desert the editorial sanctum at Hartford to look after matters in the House of Representatives at Washington, says of the new United States Senator from Connecticut, Mr. EATON: "He looks fully up to his age, which is in the neighborhood of fifty-five years. A solid-built man, well settled into his boots; height medium, face good-natured, but business in every line of it when he is engaged in debate. He is not a subdued sort of man, and won't be when he reaches the Senate. He always fancied that he was hired by the people to work, and he is one of the steadiest men in attendance upon his duties we ever had in Connecticut. Every thing is real and earnest with him, and he believes that he must do his share in all measures of any importance. Loud-voiced and combative, he challenges attention in argument, obtains, and keeps it. He holds that any discussion worth making is worth all the fervor he can throw into it. A man of great force, his opponents sometimes call him overbearing, but I always liked to meet him in debate, because I always knew he felt every thing he said."

—In RICHARD STODDARD's first "Bric-à-Brac" volume, published by SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & Co., among other pleasant reading may be found this about a jolly party named SAMUEL BEAZLEY, who wrote his own epitaph:

"Here lies SAMUEL BEAZLEY,
Who lived hard and died easily."

The latter declaration was not prophetic. He suffered considerably a short time before his decease, and his usual spirits occasionally forsaking him, he one day wrote so melancholy a letter that the friend to whom it was addressed observed in his reply that it was "like the first chapter of Jeremiah." "You are mistaken, my dear fellow," retorted the wit, "it is the last chapter of Samuel."

—That very great men sometimes make very great mistakes in very great matters has been elicited by a Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, who states that in a conversation between the King of Italy and Prince BISMARCK, on the occasion of the King's visit to Berlin last year, BISMARCK declared to the latter that he made two mistakes at the beginning of the late war with France—in underestimating the financial resources of France, and overestimating her military strength. He regrets now that he did not overrun all her territory, and then make the indemnity large enough—say, ten milliards—to have crippled her for years. As it is, he sees a new danger in her present prosperity.

—Senator JONES, of Nevada, now occasionally alluded to as a man of some means, has three brothers and one sister at Gold Hill, Nevada—H. A.; E. W.; and S. L. JONES, the latter of whom succeeded JOHN P. in the superintendency of the Crown Point Mine. In Cleveland there reside his brothers, THOMAS, City Auditor; JAMES, Judge of the Superior Court; WILLIAM, who carries on the father's business; and FREDERICK, a young man of twenty. Senator JONES married a daughter of Judge THOMAS CONGER, of Sacramento, some years ago. This lady died about three years since, leaving behind her one son, now five years old, who is being brought up by his grandmother and aunt at Gold Hill. Senator JONES's other two sisters are married, and reside in the East.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday, 3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

JULY.

Sunday, 5.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

FRATERNITY is the order of the day. We are all fraternizing at so rapid a pace that it is difficult to keep up with the record. These blossoms of peace all burst out, too, in the month of May, the month of hope and assured promise. The two Presbyterian assemblies at St. Louis and Columbus are exchanging fraternal greetings. The (Dutch) Reformed Church has taken hold of Northern Presbyterianism with one hand and of Southern Presbyterianism with the other, and is happy in the fellowship of both. The Northern Methodist delegates to the Southern General Conference have succeeded in their mission of re-establishing fraternal relations; the Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches, which separated in 1861, have determined to reunite. Southern brethren took part most heartily in the Baptist anniversaries at Washington. At the present rate the entire pacification of the country will be completed in a few years.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is quite equal to the emergency created by the murder of the Rev. JOHN L. STEPHENS in Mexico. They have appointed to fill the vacant place the Rev. G. F. G. MORGAN, of Vallejo, California, a fellow-graduate of STEPHENS from the Pacific Theological Seminary, and Mr. EDWARDS, of Wales. For one man killed they send two, and if these two are slain they will send four, reports a member of the board. A dispatch from the Hon. JOHN W. FOSTER, the United States minister in Mexico, to Secretary FISH states that seven of the guilty persons have been tried and condemned to death, but have appealed to the Supreme Court. Twelve or fifteen men, among them the cura of Ahualulco, are awaiting trial. President LERDO has assured the missionaries in the city of Mexico that he will protect them and their associates in the free exercise of their ministry, and will maintain religious toleration throughout the republic. The condemned murderers of Mr. STEPHENS were to have been shot during the last week of April, but a question of the competency of the court being raised, execution has been delayed.

The Baptist anniversaries at Washington drew together a large concourse of people. The societies represented were the Bible and Publication Society, the Home Mission Society, and the Educational Commission. The first of the three celebrated this year its jubilee, having been founded fifty years ago. It has since its origin received in its business department $3,162,038; in its missionary department, $799,244, making a total of $3,961,282. The Home Mission Society has aided during the year 335 missionaries. The total receipts for the year have been $257,257. The church edifice department has made loans to over sixty churches to the amount of $50,000; the loan fund is now $218,092. Drs. NATHAN BISHOP and E. L. TAYLOR were elected secretaries for the coming year.

The Southern Methodist General Conference has accepted the overture of the Northern Church for the restoration of fraternal relations. The bishops are authorized to appoint a delegation, consisting of two ministers and one layman, to bear the Christian salutations of Southern Methodism to the next Methodist Episcopal General Conference, which meets in 1876. A commission of three ministers and two laymen was also authorized to meet a similar commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the adjustment of existing difficulties.

There was an animated debate in the Conference over that part of the report on fraternal relations which contains a historical recital of the causes of the separation of the two Churches in 1844. Many delegates wished all reference to the past troubles to be excluded from the paper. Before the final adjournment, on May 26, the Conference adopted resolutions of thanks to Commodore VANDERBILT for his munificent gift of $500,000 for the endowment of a university. The next General Conference will be held at Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1878.

Travelers in Pennsylvania will frequently meet with men dressed in a quaint costume which has been for many years out of date, wearing long beards, broad-brimmed hats, and looking withal prosperous and comfortable. These are the Dunkers or Tunkers, a sect of German Baptists. In their opposition to war they resemble the Quakers; in the practice of feet-washing and the bestowal of the kiss of peace, the Mennonites. It is one of their peculiarities not to erect houses of worship. Religious services are held in private houses, and in summer weather in barns. Their National Conference met this year at Girard, Illinois, on the 24th of May. About 2000 delegates were in attendance, and as many as 10,000 persons were said to be present. Their annual meetings are always occasions for the exercise of an abundant hospitality. Propositions before the Conference for granting permission to members to engage in banking business, and for favoring collegiate education, were negatived.

In the Presbyterian General Assembly at St. Louis the committee appointed to confer with a like committee of the Reformed Church on terms of union reported that the desirableness of union was agreed upon, but that it should be effected by the general consent of the ministers and members of both Churches. Another year's consideration of the subject was asked for and granted. The consideration of the subject of union with the Cumberland Presbyterians was also continued for another year. The committee on the consolidation of the charitable boards recommended that they be reduced to four, viz., Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Education and Relief, and Publication. This proposal was debated at great length. The standing committee on Benevolence and Finance was discontinued.

In Austria the bill regulating the position of the Roman Catholic Church has received the imperial sanction. In the Prussian Landtag the bill for the administration of vacated dioceses has been adopted by an overwhelming majority. In Baden the Archbishop-Administrator of Freiburg has been condemned to pay a fine of 1400 thalers for illegal nominations of the clergy. In Rome, on May 5, the Pope closed an address to a party of French pilgrims in these words: "I bless the rulers of your country, praying that they may remove, or at least lessen, that scourge of society, which is called *Universal Suffrage*, but merits rather to be called *Universal Falsehood*." If this is said to the French pilgrims, what may the American pilgrims expect?

That most excellent institution, the American Sunday-school Union, has reached its fiftieth year. At the time of its origin the Sunday-school was not so generally adopted by the churches as now, and the Union proposed to itself missionary labor in neglected neighborhoods of the country. In the fifty years $2,133,264 have been expended in missionary operations; 57,799 schools, containing 386,242 teachers and 2,545,787 scholars, have been organized. In the same period of time books and papers to the value of $6,000,000 have been circulated, partly by grants and partly by sales. Nowhere in the world has the Sunday-school system had such a development as in the United States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent marriage of the President's daughter has led to an investigation of records concerning past weddings within the walls of the Executive Mansion. In 1820 Maria Monroe, youngest daughter of President Monroe, was married to Samuel L. Gouverneur, private secretary of the President. Miss Monroe was only seventeen, very beautiful, and had been educated in Paris. The marriage was private, only the relatives and personal friends of the two families being present. In 1833 a daughter of Major William B. Lewis (who was a personal friend of President Jackson, and resided, with his family, in the White House) was married to Monsieur Alphonse de Pageot, at that time secretary of the French legation, and afterward minister from France. During President Tyler's administration his daughter Elizabeth, eighteen years of age, was married in the White House to Mr. Waller, of Virginia. That event occurred in 1842, since which time no wedding ceremony has been performed in the Executive Mansion, until that one which recently changed the name of Miss Nellie Grant to Mrs. Algernon Sartoris.

"Children's-day" in Brooklyn fell on May 27—a bright, clear, sunny day, which thousands of little folks hailed with gladness. The members of the various Sunday-schools gathered in divisions as arranged, and after the usual exercises, consisting of addresses and singing, the grand procession was formed. A beautiful sight it always is—[illegible] than forty thousand children, in gala dress, marching to the sound of music. The festive day closed—for the children—with the usual refreshments.

Bartolommeo Eustacheo, a distinguished Italian physician of the sixteenth century, is about to be commemorated by a colossal statue in San Severino, his native town. The discoverer of the Eustachian tube, the thoracic duct, and the suprarenal capsules, he was also the first to employ copper etching in anatomical delineations. His plates, embodying splendid representations of the nervous, abdominal, and muscular apparatus, both in the pathological and healthy condition, lay unappreciated and unknown till his great countryman, Lances, published them at Rome in 1814. Still later they were republished by the famous anatomist Albinus.

A bill has passed the Massachusetts Legislature prohibiting the employment of children under fifteen years of age as acrobats, gymnasts, contortionists, or equestrians in public.

The countries east of the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Cairo, have during the past winter experienced a season of most unprecedented severity. More snow has fallen at Constantinople than has been known for half a century, while between Beyrout and Damascus the drifts have seriously interfered with communication between the two places. In Palestine the rainy season has lasted much longer than usual, and nearly double the usual amount has fallen. In March a heavy snow-storm prevailed throughout the country, frustrating the plans of many a party of travelers.

San Francisco claims the honor of being the residence of a lady who has invented a new needle. The improvement consists in making needles of all sizes without any eye for the thread, but having instead a hole bored longitudinally into the head to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, which hole is arranged with a screw thread. It is thought it will be valuable as a surgical needle, as it carries a single thread, so making a smaller hole than the ordinary needle with partially doubled thread.

Of the desolated villages in Mill River Valley only Skinnersville shows little or no prospect of recovery. Probably that village will not be rebuilt, as it is stated that the water-power can not again be utilized without enormous expense, as the former channel has been washed away.

The President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals fully believes that animals have "thoughts, language, intelligence, affection, and gratitude;" moreover, although he desires to express no personal opinion upon the question of their immortality, he does express the "hope that in some future life they may be compensated for the wrongs they suffer here."

The bust of Louis M. Gottschalk, from the studio of Jules Franceschi, of Paris, has been on exhibition at the Academy of Design for some time past. The work is both accurate and beautiful. It is to be located in some public place to be hereafter decided upon.

At Saratoga this summer New York daily papers will be sold for five cents. Hitherto the price demanded has been ten cents, and there certainly has been no occasion for this exaction.

It is rumored that one of the hotels at Niagara Falls has reduced its charges, and that the others will soon follow the example.

In Switzerland there is a law, it is said, which compels every married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons and near the roads, and being mostly fruit trees, are both useful and ornamental. The number planted amounts to ten thousand annually.

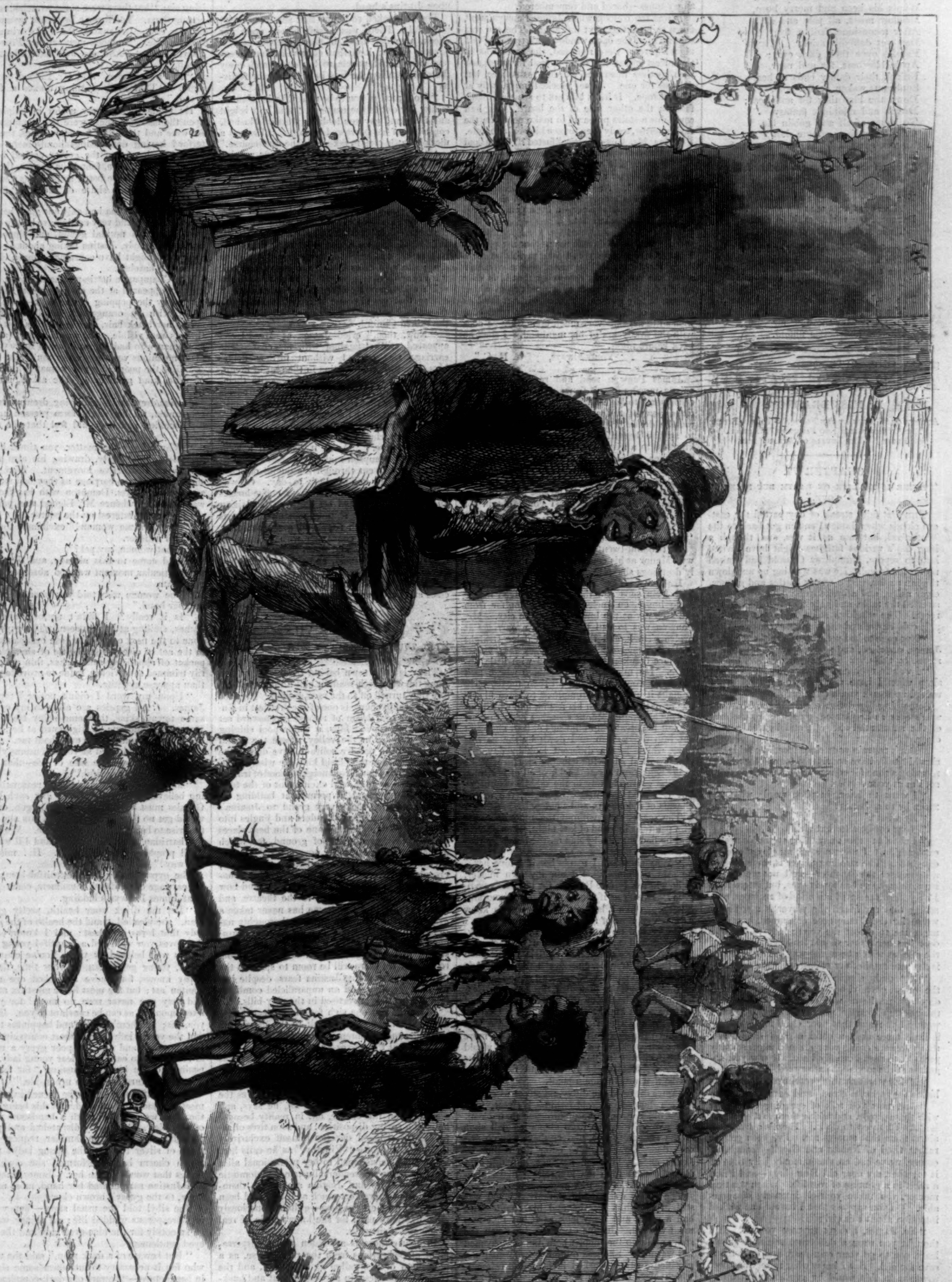
The "Dolgorouki biscuit" is a popular article of food in the Russian army, and is thought to prevent many of the diseases to which soldiers on long expeditions are subject. This biscuit was invented by Prince Michael Dolgorouki, and consists of flour, beef, and sour-krout in equal parts. During the recent campaign in Khiva the provisions of the men consisted only of meat and this biscuit, which may be eaten as biscuit, or dissolved in water as soup.

Open-air concerts at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, were recommenced for the season on Saturday afternoon, May 30, and will continue until the end of October.

A curious incident recently occurred on a Western railroad train. As the cars were moving away from the Terre Haute dépôt a pretty young woman came from the ladies' car, and, rushing into the smoking-car, frantically appealed to every body to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed, piteously, "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train! I've left my baby!" The train was stopped, and baby recovered, amidst the hearty cheers of the people on the platform and the passengers; and while the young mother laughed and cried and hugged her little one, she tried to explain how the baby was such a very new one that she hadn't got used to it yet.

The Cincinnati Industrial Exposition will open on September 3, and close one month from that time. A building especially constructed for the purpose is devoted to the exhibition of Fine Arts. It is entirely removed from the other buildings, being on the opposite side of the street from the other part of the Exposition, with which it is connected by a bridge. The works desired for exhibition are sculpture, paintings in oil and water-colors, portrait, architectural, mechanical, and other drawings in black and white. Transportation both ways, cost of packing and insurance, will be paid by the Exposition. Each exhibitor is desired to write as soon as possible to George W. Jones, Fine Art Department, C. I. E., Cincinnati, Ohio, stating the character and size of works he wishes to exhibit. He will then be furnished with blank forms, which are to be filled as therein designated. One copy of this form should be sent to the agent who in each city represents the Exposition, and he will call for the pictures, and also return them in good order. All boxes and packages containing articles for exhibition should be directed to "Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, Art Department," with the name and address of the sender plainly marked thereon. A detailed statement of the contents of each box and package should be inclosed with the same, and a copy sent separately by mail. All works must be delivered at the Exposition Hall between the 1st and the 15th of August. Productions of both American and foreign artists will be received, and every precaution taken to insure their safety. It should be mentioned that all pictures must be suitably framed, and that every effort will be made to effect a sale of them. The agent for the Exposition for New York is L. R. Menger; for Philadelphia, James S. Earle & Sons; for Boston, Doll & Richards; for Baltimore, Myers & Hedian.

RAID ON A SAND-SWALLOW COLONY—"HOW MANY EGGS?"—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]



"WHO STRUCK DE FUSTEST?"—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

MAY-MORNING SONGS.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

I.

When Chanticleer in early morn
Winds his keen and merry horn,
Meadow mists, all pale and shy,
After moonshine, fading, fly;
Dew-wet daffodils arise,
Pansies open their dark eyes;
Apple blossoms, far and near,
Unlock their dainty buds to hear;
Sunbeams waken at the note,
Down the blue they flit and float;
Dream and midnight fantasy
To haunt of elf and goblin hie,
Or make a forty-minute dart
To vex some timid Chinese heart;
Laughter, Love, and Fancy stray
Through the young sweet world of May.

II.

The earth s all gold and apple blooms,
The sky, forget-me-nots and gold;
Between, the robins each to each
Their small love-tales unfold.

In orchard aisles of pearl and rose
The little lovers woo and win—
There never was a lovelier place
To have bird-weddings in.

The earth's all gold and apple blooms,
The sky, forget-me-nots and gold;
In the soft May-morning air
Flowers and hearts unfold.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE IS NO LIFE ON EARTH BUT BEING IN LOVE."

The first faint streak of day parted the eastern clouds when James Penwyn got back to the Waterfowl, but late as it was, and though a long day's various fatigues might have invited him to repose, Humphrey Clissold had waited up for his friend. He was walking up and down the inn parlor, where empty bottles and glasses, cigar ashes, and a broken clay pipe or two bestrewed the table, and gave a rakish look to the room. The windows stood wide open to the pale cold dawn, and the air was chill.

"Not gone to bed yet, Humphrey?" exclaimed James, surprised, and perhaps somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected encounter.

"I was in no humor for sleep. I never can sleep when I have any thing on my mind. I waited up to ask you a question, Jim."

Something like defiance sparkled in Mr. Penwyn's eyes as he planted himself upon the arm of the substantial old sofa, and lighted a final cigar.

"Don't restrain your eloquence," he said; "I should hardly have considered four o'clock in the morning a time for conversation, but if you think so, I'm at your service."

"I want to know, in plain words, what you mean by this, James?"

"By what?"

"Your conduct to that girl."

"I shouldn't think any thing so simple needed explanation. I meet a strolling player and his daughter. The strolling player is something of a character; the daughter—well, not pretty, perhaps, though she has lovely eyes, but interesting. I offer them the small attention of a supper, and, seeing that my friend the player is a trifle the worse for the Champagne consumed, humanity urges me to escort the young lady to her own door lest her father should lead her into one of the ditches which beset the way. I believe that is the sum total of my offenses."

"It sounds simple enough, Jim," answered the other, gravely, but not unkindly; "and I dare say no harm will come of it if you let things stop exactly where they are. But I watched you and that poor child to-night—she is little more than a child at best—and I saw that you were doing your utmost, unconsciously perhaps, to turn her silly head. I saw you together in the moonlight afterward."

"If there was any thing sentimental, you must blame the moon, not me," said James, lightly.

"And now you talk of spending to-morrow with these people, and taking them to the races."

"And I mean to do it. There's a freshness about them that amuses me. I've been getting rather tired of Nature and Greek—though, of course, we've had an uncommonly jolly time of it together, my dear old Humphrey—and I find a relief in a glimpse of real life. When you turn mentor, you make yourself intensely disagreeable. Do you suppose that I harbor one wicked intention about this girl?"

"No, James, I don't suppose you do. If I thought you were a deliberate sinner, I should leave you to go your own road, and only try to save the girl. But I know what misery has been wrought in this world by gentlemanly trifling, and what still deeper wretchedness has been brought about by unequal marriages."

"Do you suppose I think of marrying Mr. Elgood's daughter because I say a few civil words to her?" cried James, forgetting how much earnestness there had been in those civil words only an hour ago.

"If you have no such thought, you have no right to cultivate an acquaintance that can only end in unhappiness to her, if not to yourself."

James answered with a sneer, to which Clissold replied somewhat warmly, and there were angry words between the two young men before they parted in the corridor outside their bedrooms. The people of the house, already thinking about morning, heard the raised voices and angry tones—heard and remembered.

It was ten o'clock when James Penwyn went down to breakfast next morning. The sun was shining in at the open windows, all traces of last night's revelry were removed, the room was in the nicest order, the table spread for breakfast with spotless linen and shining tea-service, but only set for one. James plucked impatiently at the bell-rope. It irked him not to see his friend's face on the other side of the board. He had come down stairs prepared to make peace on the easiest terms, ready even to own himself to blame.

"Has Mr. Clissold breakfasted?" he asked the girl who answered his summons.

"No, Sir. He wouldn't stop for breakfast; he went out soon after seven this morning with his fishing-rod. And he left a note, please, Sir."

There it was among the shells and shepherdesses on the mantel-piece—a little pencil scrawl twisted into a cocked hat.

"Dear Jim,—Since it seems that my counsel irritates and annoys you, I take myself off for a day's fly-fishing. You must please yourself about the races; only remember that it is easy for a man to drift upon quicksands from which he can hardly extricate himself without the loss of honor or of happiness. The sum total of a man's life depends very much upon what he does with the first years of his manhood. I shall be back before night.

"Yours always, H. C."

James Penwyn read and re-read the brief epistle, musing over it frowningly. It was rather tiresome to have a friend who took such a serious view of trifles. Toward what quicksand was he drifting? Was it a dishonorable thing to admire beautiful eyes, to wish to do some kindness to a friendless girl *en passant?* As to the races, he could not dream of disappointing the people he had invited. Was he to treat them cavalierly because they were poor? He rang the bell again, and ordered the largest landau or barouche which the Waterfowl could obtain for him, with a pair of good horses.

"And get me up a picnic basket," he said, "and plenty of Champagne."

At two-and-twenty, with the revenues of Penwyn Manor at his command, a man would hardly do things shabbily.

He had arranged every thing with his guests. The Dempsons and the Elgoods lodged in the same house, an ancient dwelling not far from the archway at the lower end of the city. Mr. Penwyn was to call for them in a carriage at twelve o'clock, and they were to drive straight to the race-course.

James breakfasted slowly, and with little appetite. He missed the companion whose talk had been wont to enliven all their meals. He thought it unkind of Humphrey to leave him—was at once angry with his friend, and with himself for his contemptuous speeches of last night. He left his breakfast unfinished at last, and went out into the garden, and down by the narrow river, which had a different look by day. It was beautiful still—the winding stream with its sedgy banks and far-off background of low hills, and the grave old city in the middle distance—but it lacked the magic of night, the mystic charms of moonbeam and shadow.

The scene, even without the moonlight, put him painfully in mind of last night, when Justina and he had sat side by side on the bench by yonder willow.

"Why shouldn't I marry her if I love her?" he said to himself. "I am my own master. Who will ask Squire Penwyn for his wife's pedigree? It isn't as if she were vulgar or ignorant. She speaks like a lady, and she seems to know as much as most of the girls I have met."

He strolled up and down by the river-brink, smoking and musing, until the carriage was ready. It was a capacious vehicle, of the good old Baker Street Repository build, a vehicle which looked as if it had been a family traveling carriage about the period of the Bourbon Restoration, and had done the tour of Europe, and been battered and bruised a good deal between the Alps and the Danube. There was a vast amount of leather in its composition, and more iron than sticklers for absolute elegance would desire, whereby it jingled considerably in its progress. But it was roomy, and for a race-course that was the main point.

James drove to the dingy old street where the players lodged, an old-fashioned street, with queer old houses, more picturesque than clean. The players' lodgings were above a small shop in the chandlery line, and as there was no private door, James had to enter the realms of Dutch cheese, kippered herrings, and dip candles—pendent from the low ceiling like stalactites—in quest of his new acquaintances.

The ladies were ready, but Mr. Elgood was still in his shirt sleeves, and his countenance had a warm and shiny look as if but that moment washed. Justina came running down the stairs and into the shop, where James welcomed her warmly. She was quite a transformed and glorified Justina—decked in borrowed raiment, which Mrs. Dempson had good-naturedly supplied for the occasion. "There was no knowing what would come of to-day's outing," the leading lady had remarked, significantly; "Mr. Penwyn was young and foolish, and seemed actually taken with Justina, and it would be such a blessing if she could marry well, poor child, seeing that she had not a spark of talent for the profession."

Justina wore a clean muslin dress, which hardly reached her ankles, a black silk jacket, and a blue crape bonnet, not too fresh, but quite respectable—a bonnet which had been pinned up in paper and carefully kept since last summer.

"I shall trim it up with a feather or two, and wear it for light comedy by-and-by," said Mrs. Dempson, as she pulled the bonnet into shape upon Justina's head.

The girl looked so happy that she was almost beautiful. There was a soft bloom upon her cheek, a tender depth in the dark blue eyes, a joyous, smiling look that charmed James Penwyn, who liked people to be happy and enjoy themselves, when he was in a humor for festivity.

"How good of you to be ready!" cried James, taking her out to the carriage, "and how bright and fresh and gay you look!" Justina blushed, conscious of her borrowed bonnet. "I've got a nice old rattle-trap to take us to the race-course."

"Oh, beautiful!" exclaimed Justina, gazing at the patriarchal tub with respectful admiration.

"Are the others ready?"

"Father's just putting on his coat, and the Dempsons are coming down stairs."

The Dempsons appeared as she spoke, Mrs. Dempson superb in black moiré antique and the pinkest of pink bonnets, and a white lace shawl, which had been washed a good many times, and had rather too much darning in proportion to the pattern, but, as Mrs. Dempson remarked, "it always looked graceful." It was her bridal veil as Pauline Deschappelles. She wore it during that grand scene in Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*, where the erring Julia interviews the ruined Clifford.

"Now, then," cried James, as Mr. Elgood appeared, still struggling with his coat. The carriage was packed without further delay, Mrs. Dempson and Justina in the seat of honor, Mr. Penwyn and Mr. Dempson opposite them, Mr. Elgood on the box. He had declared his preference for that seat.

Off they went, oh! so gayly, Justina thought, the landlady gazing at them from her shop door, and quite a cluster of small children cheering their departure. "As if it had been a wedding," Mrs. Dempson said, archly.

Away they went through the quaint old city, which wore its holiday look to-day. Crowds were pouring in from the station; coffee-houses and eating-houses had set forth a Rabelaisian abundance in their shining windows; taverns were decorated with flags and greenery; flies, driven by excited coachmen with ribbons on their whips, shot up and down the streets. All was life and brightness, and Justina, who had rarely ridden in a carriage, felt that just in this one brief hour she could understand how duchesses and such people must feel.

CHAPTER VII.

"LET THE WORLD SLIP; WE SHALL NE'ER BE YOUNGER."

They left the town behind them, and rattled along the wide high-road for half a mile or so before they turned off to the race-ground. Perhaps the Eborsham course is one of the prettiest in England—an oval basin of richest greensward set among low wooded hills, a water pool shining here and there in the valley, where the placid kine browse in pensive solitude, save during the race week, when the placid kine are wisely withdrawn from the dangerous neighborhood of tramps and gypsies and the wild excitement of the turf.

The grand stand, a permanent building of white freestone, looks very grand to Justina's eyes as the family ark blunders and jingles into a place exactly opposite—one of the best places on that privileged piece of ground, for which James pays three shining sovereigns. Temporary stands of wood-work border the course, crowded with warm humanity. Justina wonders where so many people come from, and how it is so few of them come to the theatre, and sighs to think that the drama has never taken a grip upon the public mind as a thoroughly national amusement. See how the people congregate to-day tier above tier on yonder fragile stages, pressed together with scarce breathing room, and yet there will be room to spare in the little theatre to-night, Justina fears, despite immense attractions and an unparalleled combination of talent, as advertised in the play-bills.

But after this one sigh for the neglected drama, Justina abandons herself to the delight of the hour, and is supremely content. James tells her all about the horses—how that one has done great things at Newmarket, how the other was winner of the Chester cup. He shows her the colors, explains every thing, and the race assumes a new interest. Mr. Dempson leaves the carriage, to stretch his legs a bit, he says, and see who's on the course, but in reality because he is of a roving disposition, and soon tires of repose. Mr. Elgood devotes himself exclusively to Mrs. Dempson—"Villeroy," as he calls her, being more accustomed to her professional alias than the name she renders illustrious in domestic life. So James and Justina are left to themselves, and behave very much as if they had been plighted lovers ever so long—quite unconsciously upon Justina's part, for she knows little of real lovers and their ways.

Presently there is a sudden stir, a dispersement of pedestrians from the race-course, as a policeman or two gallop up and down, and the clerk of the course, in his scarlet coat and buckskins, canters briskly over the grass; then a dog driven past with hootings and ignominy, then more ringing of bells, the preliminary canter, and then the race.

A few minutes of breathless attention, a thundering rush past all the carriages, and the eager a-tiptoe spectators, and white body with red spots has pulled off the first stakes.

"Did you see it?" asked James, turning to the girl's bright face, glowing with excitement.

"Oh, it was beautiful. I don't wonder at people coming to races now. I feel as if I had never been quite alive before. Just that one moment when the horses were tearing past. It was wonderful."

"A very fair race," said James, with a patronizing air; "but there were some wretched screws among them. You'll see a better set by-and-by, for the cup. Iphianassa, the Oaks winner, is first favorite. The book-men call her Free-and-Easy, for short. And now we'll have a bottle of Cham."

"Not a bad move," said Mr. Elgood, approvingly. "That kind of thing makes a fellow dryish."

He made himself very useful in helping to open the baskets; there were two hampers, one for wine and the other for comestibles, the Waterfowl having done things handsomely. Mr. Elgood took one of the golden-necked bottles out of the rush case, found the glasses, the nippers, and opened the bottle as neatly as a waiter. He had the lion's share of the wine for his trouble.

James and Justina had only one glass between them. They could very easily have had two, but they liked this mutual goblet, and sipped the bright wine gayly, Justina taking about as much as Titania might have consumed from a chalice made of a harebell.

The Champagne bottle was hardly open when a gypsy appeared at the carriage door, as if attracted by the popping of the cork—an elderly gypsy, with an orange silk handkerchief tied across her black hair, among which a few silver threads were visible. She was the identical gypsy woman who had stopped James Penwyn and his companions yesterday afternoon by the river.

"Give the poor old gypsy woman a little drop of wine, kind gentleman," she asked, insinuatingly.

Justina drew back shuddering, drew nearer her companion, till her slight form pressed against his shoulder, and he could feel that she trembled.

"Why, what's the matter, you timid bird?" he whispered, tenderly, drawing his arm round her by an instinctive movement. They were standing up in the carriage as they had stood to see the race, Mrs. Dempson with her face toward the box, whence Mr. Elgood was pointing out features of interest on the course.

"It's the same woman!" exclaimed Justina, in a half whisper.

"What woman, my pet?"

It had come to this already, and Justina at this particular moment was too absorbed to remonstrate.

"The woman who told you about the mark on your hand."

"Is it really? I didn't notice," answered James, smiling at her concern. The gypsy had gone to the next carriage, whose occupants were in the act of discussing a bottle of sherry and a packet of appetizing sandwiches, thin and daintily trimmed sandwiches, made to provoke rather than appease appetite.

"Upon my word I didn't notice," repeated James. "All gypsies are alike to my eye, the same tawny skins, the same shiny black hair. But why should you be frightened at her, pretty one? She prophesied no evil about me."

"No, but she looked at you so curiously; and then a line across the line of life—that must mean something dreadful."

"My dearest, do you think any reasonable being believes in lines of life or any such bosh? Gypsies must have some kind of jargon, or they would get no dupes. But I think you and I are too wise to believe in their nonsense. We'll give the harridan a tumbler of fiz, and I'll warrant she'll prophesy smooth things. Hi! mistress, this way!"

The gypsy having paid unfruitful homage to the carriage of sandwich consumers, came quickly at James Penwyn's bidding.

"Let me drink your health, pretty gentleman," she pleaded, "and the health of the young lady that loves you best; and I know of one that loves you well, and a beautiful young lady, and is well beloved by you. You've courted a many, young gentleman, in your time, the old gypsy knows, for you've a wicked eye and a wanton 'art; but the most fickle must fix at last, and may you never rove no more! for you've fixed upon one as can be constant to you. Thank you, Sir; and here's health and happiness to you and the young lady, and a short courtship and a long fambly; and give the poor gypsy a mossel of somethink to eat, like a dear young lady," appealing to the blushing Justina, "for fear the wine should turn acid upon my inside."

The picnic basket had to be opened in order to meet this judicious demand, and this being done, the sibyl was gratified with a handsome wedge of veal pie. This partly dispatched and partly pocketed, she made the familiar request for a piece of silver to cross the young lady's palm, which charm being performed she could tell things that would please her. James complied, and Justina surrendered her hand, most unwillingly, to the gypsy's brown claw.

The sibyl told the usual story—happy wooing, prosperous wedded life; all things were to go smoothly for the blue-eyed lady and the blue-eyed gentleman.

"But beware of a dark man," said the witch, who felt it necessary to introduce some shadow in her picture—"beware of a dark-complexioned man. I won't say as he's spades; better call him clubs, perhaps. Be on your guard against a club man, my sweet young lady and gentleman, for he bears a jealous heart toward you both, and he stands to do you harm, if he has the power."

"That will do," said James; "we've had enough for our money, thank you, old lady; you can move on to the next carriage."

"Don't be offended with the poor gypsy, your honor. She's truth-spoken and plain-spoken,

and she sees deeper into things than some folks would give her credit for."

And thus, after an affectionate farewell, the prophetess pursued her way. Other prophetesses followed in her wake, all begging for food and wine, and James lavished more Champagne in this direction than Mr. Elgood approved, but even his good-nature wore out at last, and he grew tired of these copper-skinned mendicants, some with babies in arms, for whom they begged a little drop of Champagne or the claw of a lobster.

The races went on. The great race was at hand.

"Now, then, Justina, we must have something on," said James. "You don't mind me calling you Justina, do you?"

"*I* don't mind," the girl answered, simply, "if father doesn't."

"Well, you see, I can't ask him now, but I will by-and-by. We can let the question stand over, and I may call you Justina meanwhile, mayn't I, Justina?" he asked, softly.

"If you like," she answered, almost in a whisper. They stood so near together that there was no need for either of them to speak loud, even amidst the noise of the race-course.

"Look here now, Justina. I'll bet you half a dozen gloves, even money, that Free-and-Easy doesn't win. That's giving you a great advantage, for they are laying three to two on the favorite."

"I don't think I can bet," said Justina, embarrassed. "If I were to lose I could not pay you."

"Ladies never pay debts. Come, if Iphianassa wins you shall have a dozen pairs of the prettiest gloves I can buy, straw-colored, pink, pearl gray —which is your favorite color?"

"I like any kind of gloves," answered the girl, remembering two wretched pairs which had been to the cleaner's so often that the insides were all over numbers, like a multiplication table.

Now came the start: breathlessness; attention strained almost to agony; a hoarse clamor yonder in and about the ring; one big man, wearing a white hat with a black hat-band, offering frantically to bet ten to one against any thing, bar one; then a shout as of universal victory, for Free-and-Easy has shot suddenly to the front, after having been tenderly nursed during the first half mile or so; and now she comes along gallantly, with a great lead, and her backers tremble; and now cold dews break out upon the foreheads of those eager backers, for another horse, almost an unknown animal, creeps up to Iphianassa, gallops shoulder to shoulder with the Oaks winner, passes her, and wins by a neck, while a suppressed groan mingles with the hurrahs of that miserable outside public which never stakes more than half a sovereign, and is ready to cheer any horse. Only among the book-men is there real rejoicing, for they have been betting against the favorite.

"You've lost your gloves, Justina. Never mind, we'll have another venture on the next race. It's a selling stake, and we can go and see the auction afterward—such fun! And now for the basket. Make yourself useful, Elgood. Mrs. Dempson, you must be famishing."

Mrs. Dempson, upon being pressed, owned to feeling a little faint. A lady of Mrs. Dempson's calibre never confesses to being hungry; with her want of food only produces a genteel faintness.

The basket was emptied, lobster, chicken, pie, set out upon a table-cloth laid on the front seat of the carriage. Then the scrambling meal began, the ladies seated with plates in their laps, the gentlemen standing. Again James and Justina shared the same glass of Champagne, while Mr. Elgood obligingly held on by the bottle, and filled his own glass by installments, so that it was never empty, and never full. Mr. Dempson was moderate but jovial; Mrs. Dempson protested vehemently every time her glass was replenished, but contrived to drink the wine out of politeness.

James was the gayest of Amphitrions. He kept on declaring that he had never enjoyed himself so much—never had such a jolly day.

"I am sorry your friend is not with us," remarked Mr. Elgood, with his mouth full of lobster; "he has lost a treat."

"His loss is our gain," observed Mr. Dempson. "There'd have been less Champagne for the rest of us if he'd been here."

"My friend is an ass," said James, carelessly. His errant fancy, so easily caught, was quite enchained by this time. He had been growing fonder of Justina all day, and with the growth of his boyish passion his anger against Humphrey increased. He had almost made up his mind to do the very thing which Clissold had stigmatized as madness. He had almost made up his mind to marry the actor's daughter. He was in love with her, and how else should his love end? He came of too good a stock, had too good a heart, to contemplate a dishonorable ending. It only remained for him to discover if he really loved her—if this fancy that had but dawned upon him yesterday were indeed the beginning of his Fate, or that considerable part of a man's destiny which is involved in his marriage. He had been very little in the society of women since his mother's death. His brief harmless flirtations had been chiefly with damsels of the bar-maid class; and after these meretricious charmers, Justina, with her wild-rose-tinted cheeks and innocent blue eyes, seemed youth and purity personified. Perchance Proserpine, when the grim ruler of the under-world beheld her gathering wild flowers on the lea, was hardly the loveliest of earthly maidens; but to the jaded eye that had grown weary of Pandemonium's lurid beauties, freshness and purity must have had an ineffable charm.

Justina looked shyly up at her admirer, happier than words could have told. Little had she ever tasted of pleasure's maddening cup before to-day. The flavor of the wine was not stranger to her lips than the flavor of joy to her soul. For her girlhood had meant hard work and deprivation. Since she had been young enough to play hop-scotch on the door-step with a neighbor's children, and think it happiness, she had hardly known what it was to be glad. To-day life brimmed over with enchantment—a carriage, a picnic, races, all the glad, gay world smiling at her. She looked at James with a grateful smile when he asked her if she was enjoying herself.

"How can I help enjoying myself?" she said; "I never had such a day in my life. It will all be over to-night, and to-morrow the world will look just as it does when one awakens from a wonderful dream. I have had dreams just like to-day," she added, simply.

"Might we not lengthen the dream, find some enjoyment for to-morrow?" asked James. "We might even come to the races again, if you like."

"We couldn't come. There will be a long rehearsal to-morrow. We play the new burlesque to-morrow night, and I thought you were going away to-morrow. Your friend said so."

"My friend would have been wiser had he spoken for himself, and not for me. I shall stay till the races are over; longer perhaps. How long do you stay?"

"Till next Saturday week, unless the business should get too bad."

"Then I think I shall stay till next Saturday week. I can read a Greek play at Eborsham as well as any where else, and I don't see why I should be hurried from place to place to please Clissold," added the young man, rebelliously.

There had been no hurrying from place to place hitherto. They had done a good deal of Wales, and the English lakes, by easy stages, stopping at quiet inns, and reading hard in the intervals of their pedestrianism, and James had been completely happy with the bosom friend of his youth. It was only since yesterday that the bosom friend had been transformed into a tyrant. Clissold had warned and reproved before to-day; he had spoken with the voice of wisdom when James seemed going a little too far in some village flirtation; and James had listened meekly enough. But this time James Penwyn's soul rejected counsel. He was angry with his friend for not thinking it the most natural thing in the world that he, Squire Penwyn, of Penwyn, should fall head over ears in love with a country actor's daughter.

"I may come behind the scenes to-night, mayn't I, Justina?" asked James, by-and-by, when the last race was over, and he and Justina had seen the winner disposed of to the highest bidder, and the patriarchal tub was rolling swiftly—oh, too swiftly—back to the town; back to common life and the old dull world.

"You must ask father or Mr. Dempson," Justina answered, meekly. "Sometimes they make a fuss about any one coming into the greenroom, but I don't suppose they would about you. It would be very ungrateful if they did."

James asked the question of Mr. Elgood, and was answered heartily. He was to consider the Eborsham greenroom an adjunct to his hotel, and the Eborsham Theatre as open to him as his club, without question of payment at the doors.

"Your name shall be left with the money-taker," the heavy father said, somewhat thickly.

Mr. Dempson laughed.

"Our friend is a trifle screwed," he said, "but I dare say he'll get through Sir Oliver pretty well."

The play was the *School for Scandal*, a genteel entertainment in honor of the patrons of the races.

The roomy traveling carriage was blundering through one of the narrower streets near the cathedral when James Penwyn stood up suddenly and looked behind him.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Dempson.

"Nothing. I thought I saw a fellow I know, that's all. He's just gone into that public-house, the quiet-looking little place at the corner. I fancied I saw him on the course, but I don't see how it could be the man," added James, dubiously. "What should bring him down here? It isn't in his line?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

QUITE an extended movement is taking place, having for its object the introduction of prairie chickens, or the pinnated grouse, from the West into the scrubby lands of the Eastern States, and especially of Long Island. An augury of success is furnished by the fact that when the country was first discovered these birds were extremely abundant in many parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Long Island, and the islands and coasts of the New England States as far as Cape Cod. They have, however, been almost entirely exterminated, a few only existing in the mountain region of Pennsylvania, in Martha's Vineyard, and possibly in parts of Long Island. According to a memorandum in *Forest and Stream*, two pairs of grouse were obtained about five years ago and placed in the vicinity of Snow Hill, Maryland. The first season they raised twelve or thirteen young, and it is now estimated that in that section of country the number has risen to about two thousand. The residents in the neighborhood of this experiment take great interest in it, and are very particular not to allow any molestation. The passage of a law was also obtained forbidding their being killed for five years.

English sportsmen are now taking measures to introduce the same species into Great Britain and Ireland, with what success remains to be seen.

The tenth number of Vol. III. of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology consists of an article on the *Ophiuridæ* and *Astrophytidæ*, old and new, by THEODORE LYMAN, in continuation and rectification of previous memoirs on the same subject. Many new species are indicated, principally from the Philippine Islands, where they were collected by Dr. SEMPER, from whom they passed into the possession of the Museum of Comparative Zoology. The memoir is illustrated by seven plates, showing the anatomy of the *Ophiuridæ*, the growth of spines, hooks, and stumps, the formation of armed spines, etc., and the characters of the new species.

The California Fish Commissioners announce the capture of a fine shad, weighing three and a half pounds, this, of course, being one of those deposited in the Sacramento River in 1871 by SETH GREEN in behalf of the California Commissioners.

The report of the Ordnance Bureau for the year 1873 is a valuable document, especially interesting as containing the report of the board of officers appointed to investigate the different patterns of breech-loading muskets and carbines for the military service of the United States. All the various weapons submitted to them are figured in detail. About one hundred different American arms and a number of foreign, including the Chassepot, the needle-gun, the Martine-Henry, and others, were considered. After a very careful series of experiments the board came decidedly to the conclusion that the present Springfield gun, of all those examined by them, is really the best adapted to the military service, and they accordingly recommend that this be adopted.

The Elliot breech-loading carbine is recommended for mountain service; and of the several calibres of barrels brought forward that of 0.45 of an inch was preferred as having more advantages than any other. This was accordingly proposed to the Secretary of War, and approved by him. It was also advised that the barrels of the muskets and carbines be browned.

In the number of *Forest and Stream* for April 6 is published a letter from Mr. FREDERICK OBER, under date of March 18, announcing the result of an exploration of Lake Okeechobee, a very little known body of water in South Florida, around which a halo of romance has been thrown in consequence of mysterious references to ancient ruins of vast extent, and wonderful forms of animal life, such as spiders weighing several pounds, etc. As might have been expected, however, from a knowledge of the surrounding regions, no such objects were met with, and the ruined cities proved equally to be myths.

Mr. OBER reports that the only practicable route to Lake Okeechobee is that *via* Kissimmee River, which is descended until the lake is reached. The latter proves to be about forty miles long and twenty-five broad. It is very shallow, nowhere showing a greater depth than twelve feet, while shallows extend for miles into the lake. Very few fish were found, and even alligators were scarce. Birds, with the exception of the fish-hawk, courlan, snake-bird, and herons of various species, were not seen.

The London Board of Trade announce, in behalf of the Meteorological Committee, that on and after March 15, 1874, they propose to reintroduce the use of Admiral FITZROY'S signals of cones and drums. A cone exhibited with the point downward indicates the approach of a southerly gale, southeast round by south to northwest; a cone pointing upward indicates a northerly gale, northwest round by north to southeast; a drum *with cone* indicates the probable approach of a very heavy gale from the direction indicated by the cone. These signals will be hoisted, during daylight only, until forty-eight hours have elapsed from the time the telegram was dispatched. At night lanterns may be used wherever the local authorities deem it advisable.

Colonel STUART WORTLEY has been appointed curator of the Patent Museum at South Kensington, the position having been lately occupied by Sir FRANCIS PETTIT SMITH, whose decease we recently announced to our readers.

The death of the eminent German astronomer, J. H. MAEDLER, took place at Hanover on the 14th of March, at the age of eighty. Professor MAEDLER was appointed Professor of Astronomy and director of the observatory at Dorpat, in Russia, about 1840, and was the author of numerous astronomical treatises and memoirs. He is very well and favorably known by his map of the moon, prepared by him in connection with Mr. BAER.

The discovery of a large deposit of moa bones is announced as having been made in a swamp at Hamilton, in Otago, including, in addition to the bones of the dinornis, those of aptornis, harpagornis, etc. The whole collection has been secured by the curator of the Otago Museum.

The sixth annual report of the New York State Commissioners of Fisheries has just been published, covering an account of their doings for 1873. The principal interest connected with this report is that in regard to the multiplication of shad in the Hudson, the work extending from the 20th of May to the 30th of June, during which time more than 5,000,000 fish were successfully hatched and turned into the water. The whole number of mature shad caught was 1643, and the total loss of young fish compared with the eggs amounted to only twelve per cent. The Commissioners in this connection strongly urge the enactment of such laws as will secure a weekly close time sufficient to allow the breeding shad to reach their spawning ground, as otherwise an expense will be entailed upon the State which can be readily avoided. Indeed, in consequence of the obstructions already existing in the Hudson, the Commissioners express the belief that but for the measures adopted by them the shad-catching interest in the river would have almost entirely ceased.

The great diminution in the supply of guano on the Chincha Islands, consequent upon the extent to which this substance has been transported to all parts of the world, has had a very unfavorable influence upon the credit of Peru, this constituting the principal resource of the country, enabling it to undertake and carry on its vast system of internal improvements. For the purpose, therefore, of determining exactly what may be looked forward to in this respect in the future, a government commission has been quietly engaged for some time, and has lately made a report. In this we are informed that not only are there other guano islands yet undisturbed, but that with the amount discovered at various points on the main-land, the supply may be considered as practically inexhaustible. At a place called Pabellon de Pica the deposit is estimated at six millions of tons; at Point de Lobos, two millions, and in other places two millions more.

It appears that the inland deposits were worked by ancient Indians, as in them were found galleries extended as in mines, with pillars left to support the roof. Many remains of implements, idols, etc., were also met with. The depth of the guano in some places amounted to ninety-seven meters, and many of the beds were overlaid with calcareous strata.

DECORATION-DAY.

LINCOLN POST, No. 13, was detailed by the Grand Army of the Republic to open the ceremonies of Decoration-day in this city about the statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in Union Square, as represented in our illustration on page 493. The members of the Post, with a large concourse of interested spectators, assembled in the square at sunrise. The base of the statue was completely hidden in fresh foliage and flowers, with which the vases recently placed around it were also filled; and in letters of flowers were displayed the memorable words, "With charity for all, with malice toward none," which to all future time will speak the noble and generous nature of LINCOLN. The memorial ceremonies consisted of addresses and a solemn dirge, and closed with the crowning of the statue with a wreath of laurel.

Fortunately the day was unusually fine, and in every city, town, and village throughout the length and breadth of the country the people gathered to pay their touching and beautiful tribute to the dead.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following letter was sent by a man to his son at college:

"MY DEAR SON,—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not use it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

A coming poet warbles:

"'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide west.
The rapid rivers slowly run:
The fog is on his downy rest:
The pensive ghost and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a school-master's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, Sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped. "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of whisky." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight."

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

GRANDMAMMA. "Well, Charley, and what have you learned to-day?"

CHARLEY. "Pneumatics, gra'ma; and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a glass receiver and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come as smooth as grandpa's head!"

In court, young Cetchum, an impudent limb of the law, trying to break down a female witness's evidence one day, said, "Gentlemen, the witness on the stand has brass enough in her face to make a kettle." She curtly replied, "And you've enough sap in your head to fill it."

The London *Court Journal* gets the following story from Scotland: A parish in the kingdom of Fife had for a minister a good man, remarkable for his benevolent disposition. Meeting one of his parishioners one day, he said, "Jeanie, what way do I never see ye in the kirk?" "Weel, Sir," said Jeanie, "to be plain wi' ye, I haena a pair o' shoon to gang wi'." "A pair o' shoon, Jeanie! I'll no let ye stay at hame for that. What would a pair cost?" "Aboot four shillin', Sir." Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave Jeanie the money and went away. Some time after, meeting her again, he said, "Dear me, Jeanie, I've never seen ye in the kirk yet; what way is that?" "Weel, Sir," said Jeanie, "to be plain wi' ye, when the weather's guid, and I hae time, I perfer gaun to Dunfarlin' to hear Mr. Gillespie." "Oh! indeed, Jeanie, lass, that's the way o't, is't? Ye might hae gi'en me the first day o' the shoon, onyway, d'ye no think?"

Two heads are better than one—especially in a barrel.

THE SWEET ORB OF LIFE—The honey-moon.

ONE LOTTERY OFFICE STILL RECOGNIZED BY THE LAW—The marriage register.

A drummer, who was greatly addicted to whisky, was asked by a reviewing officer what made his nose so red. "Please your honor," said he, "I always blush in the presence of a general officer."

An English boy, on being asked the other day who was Prime Minister of England, answered, without hesitation, "Mr. Spurgeon."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

An Irishman was once asked if he had ever seen a red blackberry. "To be sure I have," said Pat; "all blackberries are red when they are green."

AFTER A FIRE.

ESCAPING FROM A FIRE.

FIRES IN THE LONG ISLAND WOODS.—From Sketches by Thomas Worth.—[See Page 502.]

A DEAD FAILURE.

"A gathering of the dead......a kind of love-feast among some ancient skeletons from the grave-yard of the ancient Bourbon party...... The assembled skeletons shook one another's bony hands, smiled as skeletons are wont to do, and rattled their old bones in forced gleefulness over the drawn battles in New Hampshire and Connecticut, which it pleased them to call Democratic victories!"—*Chicago Times* (Democratic).

FIRES IN THE LONG ISLAND WOODS.

ON page 500 we give several sketches illustrating the fires which so frequently rage in the Long Island woods. "These fires," writes the artist, under date of May 11, "are nine times out of ten the result of carelessness on the part of railroad engineers, who rake out the engine ash-pans while the train is in motion. The red-hot coals are scattered among the dry underbrush on each side of the road. The combustible material takes fire, and disastrous conflagrations are frequently the result. For the last two days and nights we have witnessed one of these fires. All day Sunday the houses at Bayshore were covered with a dark cloud of smoke from the burning woods. Black cinders kept falling all day, and all night the scene was perfectly grand. The wind on Sunday night was blowing very strong from the northwest, and these fires loomed up in great contrast to the surrounding darkness. The fire has been burning to-day, but is very much subdued in comparison with last night. A great deal of timber has been destroyed, and several people have been burned out of house and home. Along the line of the railroads are many small clearings, owned by men who, having bought a few acres and built themselves a house, clear the land they own, and commence in a small way to farm. But they are surrounded with timber, and it is these poor fellows that the fires so often overtake and compel to fly for their lives, sometimes not only burning their houses and cattle, but also their crops. It is believed that most of these fires might have been avoided if engineers would take the precaution of dumping their cinders at stations instead of doing it when running at speed.

"The large sketch is a night scene, with train of cars, the engineer dumping his hot ashes as he dashes along. The men on the house-top are pouring water over their roof, in the hope of saving their property. One of the smaller sketches represents a family escaping, with what they can save, from a rapidly approaching fire; the other, a scene of desolation after the fire has expended its force."

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MRS. THOS. MCFARLAND.

Dr. G. B. CHAPMAN, Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I have under treatment a lady who for the past seven years has been afflicted, and, after trying several physicians without receiving benefit, is gaining rapidly on your Favorite Prescription."

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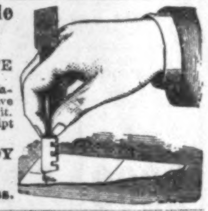

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(*Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.*)
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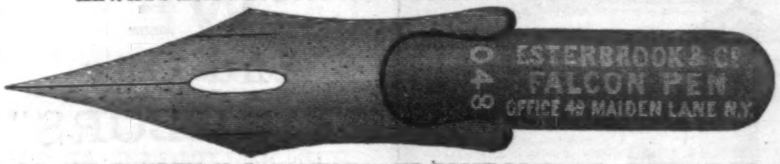

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

WHILE their parents and better-mannered companions have entered the church, these young scape-graces have quietly slipped past the door to have a game of cards in the church-yard, which is more to their taste than listening to a sermon by the good village pastor. They have thrown their prayer-books down upon an old grass-grown grave, and are so intent on the game that they do not perceive the old pastor's approach. Perhaps their voices betrayed them as he was entering the church door, and the good man has stepped round the corner to see who was loitering about. He evidently looks more in sorrow than in anger on the boys, but he will hardly let them off without teaching them a lesson they will not soon forget, for in a German village the pastor is a man of authority. The truants appear to be sons of well-to-do peasants, which aggravates their offense.

THE EYES.

OF all features the eyes are the most expressive, at least the most capable of expressing any kind of emotion if it be real. But when we come to classify eyes according to their shape or color, etc., and to lay down rules as to what these indicate, we feel ourselves, comparatively speaking, circumscribed. Still there are a few general rules which may be laid down on this subject. About the shape of the eyes we can not say much, because that is for the most part tolerably uniform, nor are we aware of any particular indications afforded by such variations as exist. One thing, however, we have noticed, *i. e.*, that very round eyes generally express dullness, heaviness, and want of character, like those of the bird they so much resemble. A prominent pupil is said generally to produce short-sight, which is so often accompanied by a talent for acquiring languages that we can not help thinking there must be some connection between the two. Phrenologists account for this by saying that the organ of language pushes the pupil forward. This may usually be the case, but it does not always produce this effect (or, if it does, then it must follow that a prominent pupil does not necessarily indicate short-sight), for we have known two persons whose talent for languages was most remarkable, but whose sight was not, as far as we could judge, short. Eyes which are situated very far apart in the face are said to denote a certain amount of deficiency of intellect: what the opposite fault denotes we can not exactly say. Eyes which can never look you straight in the face generally indicate a want of straightforwardness, and create an unconscious feeling of mistrust in those who look at them, which, like the rattle of the rattlesnake, serves as a sort of providential warning, telling us that danger is near. We allow that a similar effect may be produced by shyness, but in that case it is not unlikely to wear off on closer acquaintance; in the other case it never wears off. Eyes which possess the opposite characteristic of this—*i. e.*, that of looking you steadfastly in the face without flinching—are seldom, perhaps never, found in persons of an artful, underhand disposition.

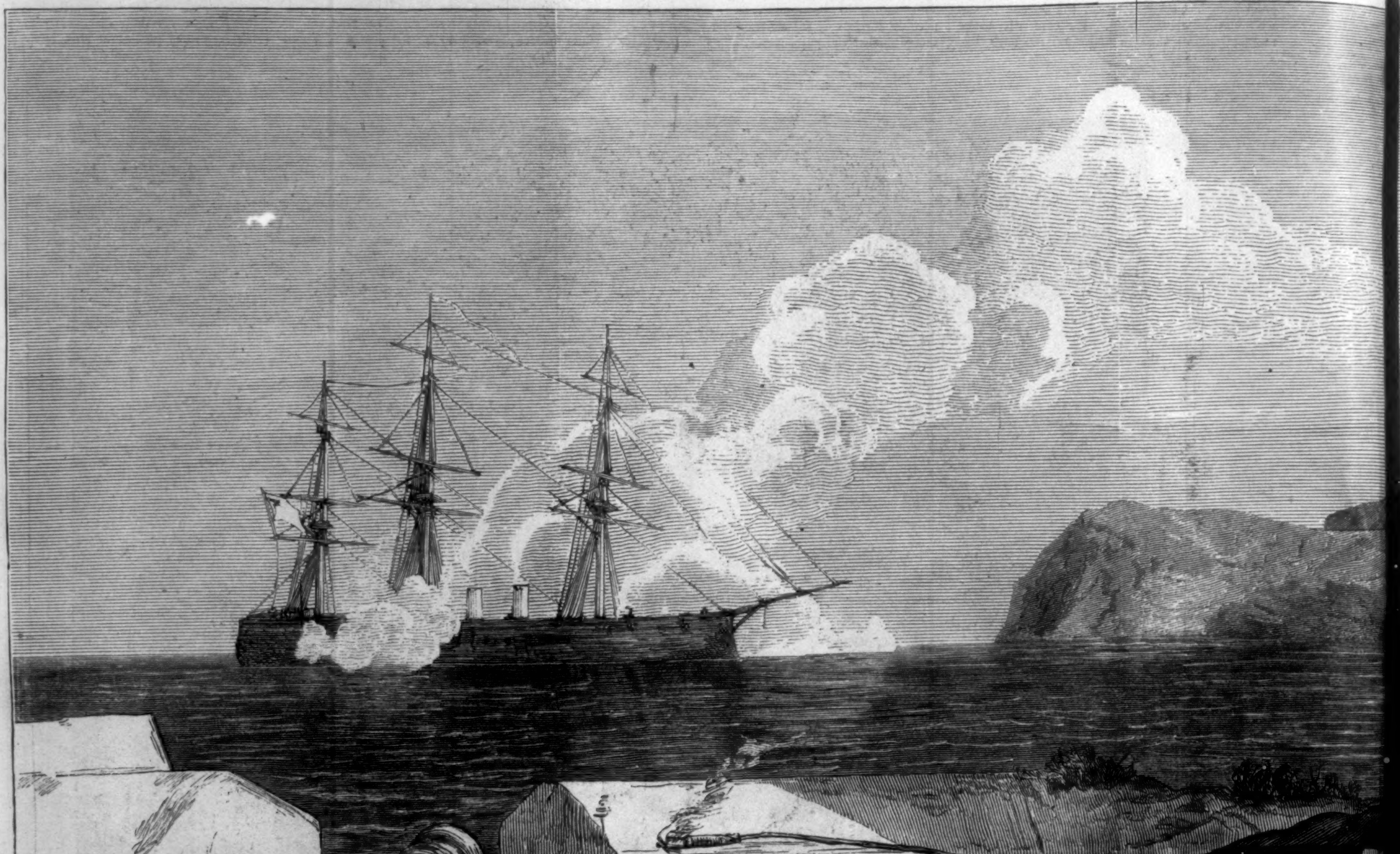
A steadfast gaze, if it be not (as it sometimes is) an unmeaning stare, or a mere wistful look, like that of a dog expecting food, but of a searching, penetrating character, will be generally found to imply a great power of influencing, or, perhaps we should rather say, it gives that power. Such, indeed, is said to be the power of a concentrated gaze that we have been told there is no animal, however ferocious, which might not be kept in check by any one who had the courage to look him steadfastly in the face, though, as few could trust their own hearts were they to encounter a wild beast, it would be a tempting of Providence to try the experiment, the more so as a moment's failure of courage might be fatal. We once saw Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion-tamer, in a den of wild beasts, but his eyes did not exhibit that fixed gaze which we have noticed as being so powerful in its effects on the human race: the balls seemed to be in a state of perpetual motion, such as, had we not seen it, we should have thought the human eye incapable of sustaining, where there was no motion of head, and which he resorted to because he was obliged to encounter so many ferocious beasts at the same time, so that it would not have been safe for him to remove his gaze from one of them for more than a single moment.

It would be needless, and indeed nearly impossible, to go through all the phases of feeling, all the various emotions, which display themselves in the eye, or all the states of mind which it indicates, for there is nothing in human nature which it can not picture; but a great many of these indications, though they may easily be recognized, can not be described, nor can we lay down rules for their discovery; for they do not belong to any particular class of eyes.

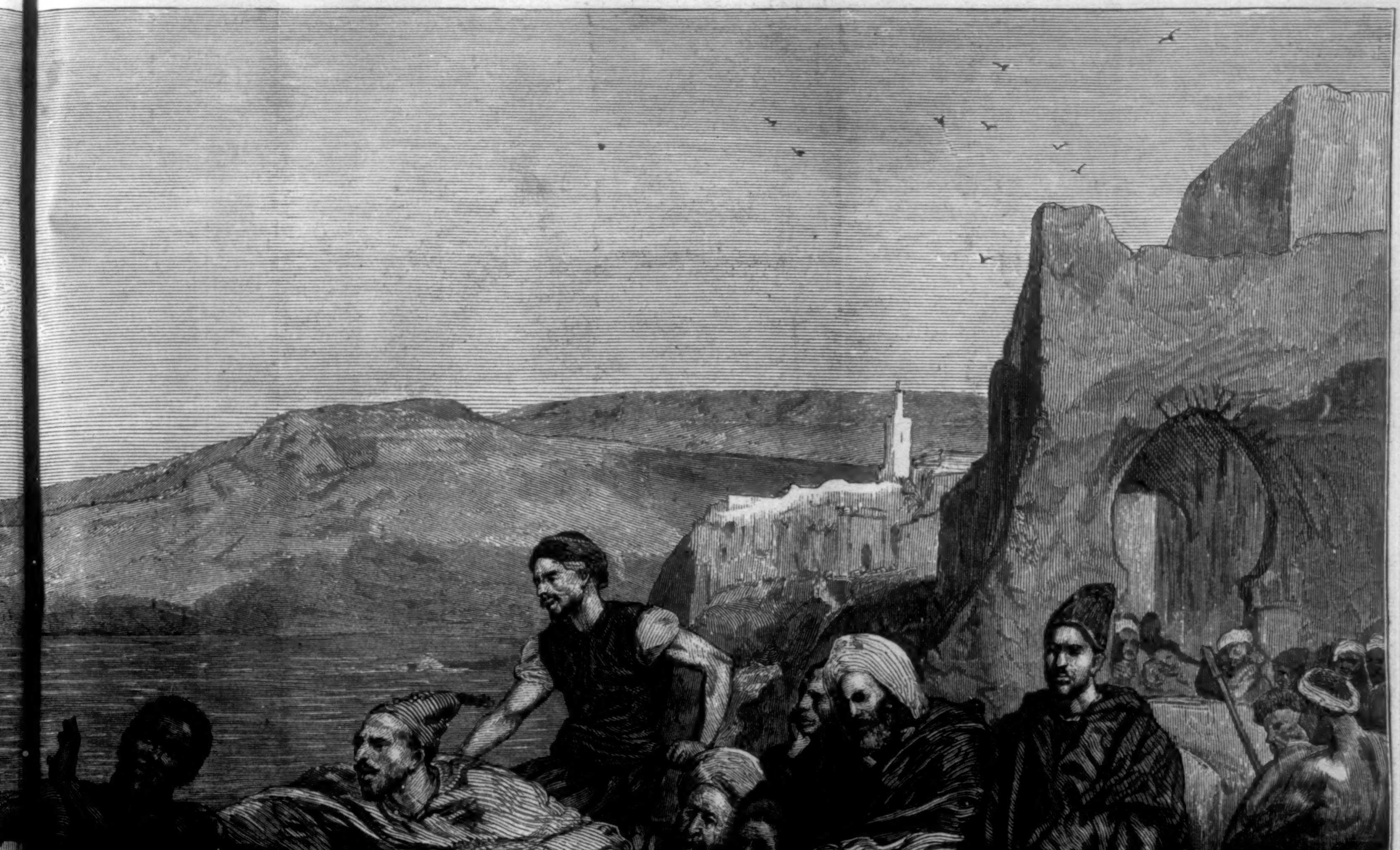
CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

RETURNING THE SALUTE.

OUR double-page illustration requires but a few lines of explanation. A foreign man-of-war has entered some small port of Morocco, and rendered due honor to the dignitary of the place by firing a salute, which, of course, must be returned. The governor and his chief men have come down to the battery, the old cannon, strapped to a clumsy old carriage with wooden wheels, has been loaded, and a frightened negro ordered to "touch it off." He doesn't appear to relish the task, nor in truth with bad reason, while the governor and the rest of the company look on, with equal terror depicted in their faces.



"RETURNING THE SALUTE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. HO[illegible]ON,



, HO ON, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 505.]